THE MAGAZINE OF FEMININE FASHIONS, CHARM AND BEAUTY

MOVIE CLASSIC

June

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10 CENTS



MAY – 7 1935
BIOLOGICAL DIVISION

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JOAN CRAWFORD ANSWERS HER CRITICS

JOAN CRAWFORD

U. S. RUBBER SWIM SUITS

Swim Thrills of '35

for She



KREPE-TEX, that luxurious, crinkly-textured, gloriously-colored, fabric-like rubber now appears in the sleekest, smartest suits that ever brightened a summer beach. Kool-Tex—a daring new air-conditioned material—is actually patterned with perforations. It breathes! . . . And *listen!* Every Kool-Tex suit is reversible—the two-piece model actually gives you *four* color combinations.

These are the suits that have that thrilling *nothing-on-at-all* feeling . . . the suits with the gentle, persuasive control that keeps your figure slim and suave . . . Join the *smart* crowd that swims in rubber.

WATER WEAR

Product of United States Rubber Company



TODAY *IS YOUR* WONDERFUL DAY

A CANTER with that nice Princeton boy over the Westchester hills, green and misty . . . luncheon at the Ritz with Paul and Frank and Leila . . . to the matinee with Jud . . . then in Charlie's plane to New Haven and that wonderful party where your partner will be a real prince . . . What a lucky girl you are to be so popular! What's that you say . . . . It's not all luck? A little forethought and common sense mixed in, you maintain . . . How right you are, little Miss Charming.

* * *

A girl may be pretty and witty and appealing, but unless her breath is beyond reproach she gets nowhere. After all, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. The sought-after woman . . . the popular man . . . realizes it, and takes sensible precaution against offending others. It's all so easy . . . just a little Listerine morning and night and before engagements. That is your assurance that your breath is sweet, wholesome and agreeable. Listerine attacks fermentation, a major cause of odors in the mouth, then overcomes the odors themselves.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

P. S. Do not make the mistake of assuming that you never have halitosis. Due to processes of fermentation that go on even in normal mouths, halitosis visits everyone at some time or other. *The insidious thing about it is that you never know when.*



BEFORE EVERY SOCIAL ENGAGEMENT USE LISTERINE . . . DEODORIZES LONGER

LET'S GO "RECKLESS"!

Thrill to the tap, tap, tap of her dancing feet in "The Trocadero". See her sell kisses for $500 each. Cruise with her on "The Honeymoon ship". Romp with her in "The Dormitory Pajama Party". Hear her sing the blues. Gorgeous Jean Harlow teamed with William Powell is heading your way in the biggest musical show of the century with a throbbing love story as exciting as its title.



Jean HARLOW
WILLIAM POWELL
in
RECKLESS

with a screenful of beauties and a great cast including
FRANCHOT TONE
MAY ROBSON
TED HEALY
NAT PENDLETON
ROBERT LIGHT

Produced by
DAVID O. SELZNICK
Directed by
VICTOR FLEMING

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

JUNE, 1935
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MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK



This specially-posed silhouette - portrait of Shirley Temple in her flower garden is our opening salute to things that are new and summery

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COVER DRAWING OF JOAN CRAWFORD BY MARLAND STONE

W. H. FAWCETT
President

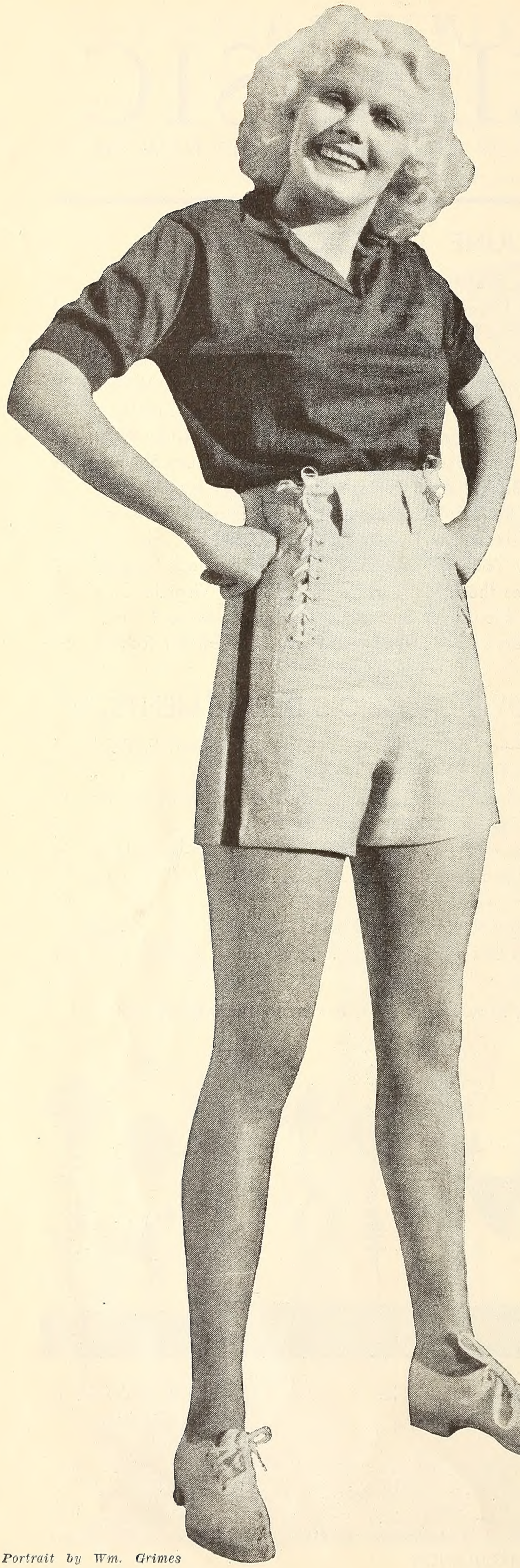
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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION



Portrait by Wm. Grimes

Challenge!

THIS PICTURE of Jean Harlow captures your attention instantly. You will remember it. You will turn back to it later.

Why?

Because in it the photographer has captured a quality that is not Jean's alone, but belongs to all of Hollywood.

Radiantly healthy, her feet planted firmly on the ground, her arms akimbo, her head pertly tilted, Jean smiles at you and seems to say, "Let's enjoy life!"

She personifies a gay challenge that Hollywood flings to the whole world.

● WHEN the world plunged into the abyss of depression, it would have been easy for Hollywood to share that sinking sensation. But Hollywood stopped on the brink, got a foothold, snapped up its head, and smiled, "Are we going to beat the Depression, or let it beat us?"

The movies came into their own.

They brought adventure, romance, laughter, music to all who went to see them. They challenged the world to forget its troubles, to renew its hope, its spirit.

And inch by inch—slowly, surely—the movies have been lifting up the heavy-hearted human race, have been making the world livable again.

● HOLLYWOOD has challenged the world of women to look healthy, to be healthy—to have the stamina to face discouragement with heads up.

Hollywood has challenged women everywhere to care, more than ever, about their appearance, to be more beautiful than women have ever been before.

Hollywood has challenged women to be well-dressed, no matter what they may spend for clothes.

Hollywood has challenged women to learn all the secrets of self-confidence, poise, and charm—the secrets of successful living, whether times are good or bad.

Hollywood has challenged women to bring romance into their lives.

● AND now come natural-color films . . . to carry the challenge to new, even wider horizons.

Already, women no longer look only to Paris and New York for guidance in fashions, beauty, charm. They also look to Hollywood.

With their daytime frocks, their evening creations, their sport clothes, Hollywood's young designers gaily challenge the style supremacy of Paris and New York . . . which follow trends that Hollywood starts.

And the new Movie Classic likewise intends to challenge the interest of young moderns!

James R. Reid

HE JOINED THE HOWLING MOB TO CELEBRATE HIS OWN ASSASSINATION!

And when his strange figure walked into their midst, not one of these, his mortal enemies, dared lay hand on him. Such was the power of this man who defied a King and threw a world into tumult that a wisp of a girl might marry the boy she loved.

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK presents
DARRYL ZANUCK'S production

CARDINAL RICHELIEU

STARRING

GEORGE ARLISS

With
Maureen O'Sullivan
Edward Arnold · Francis Lister
Douglas Dumbrille · Cesar Romero

Directed by Rowland V. Lee
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS



20TH CENTURY PICTURE

They're the Topics!

New notes on personalities who are Spring, 1935 news!

Joan's New Creation

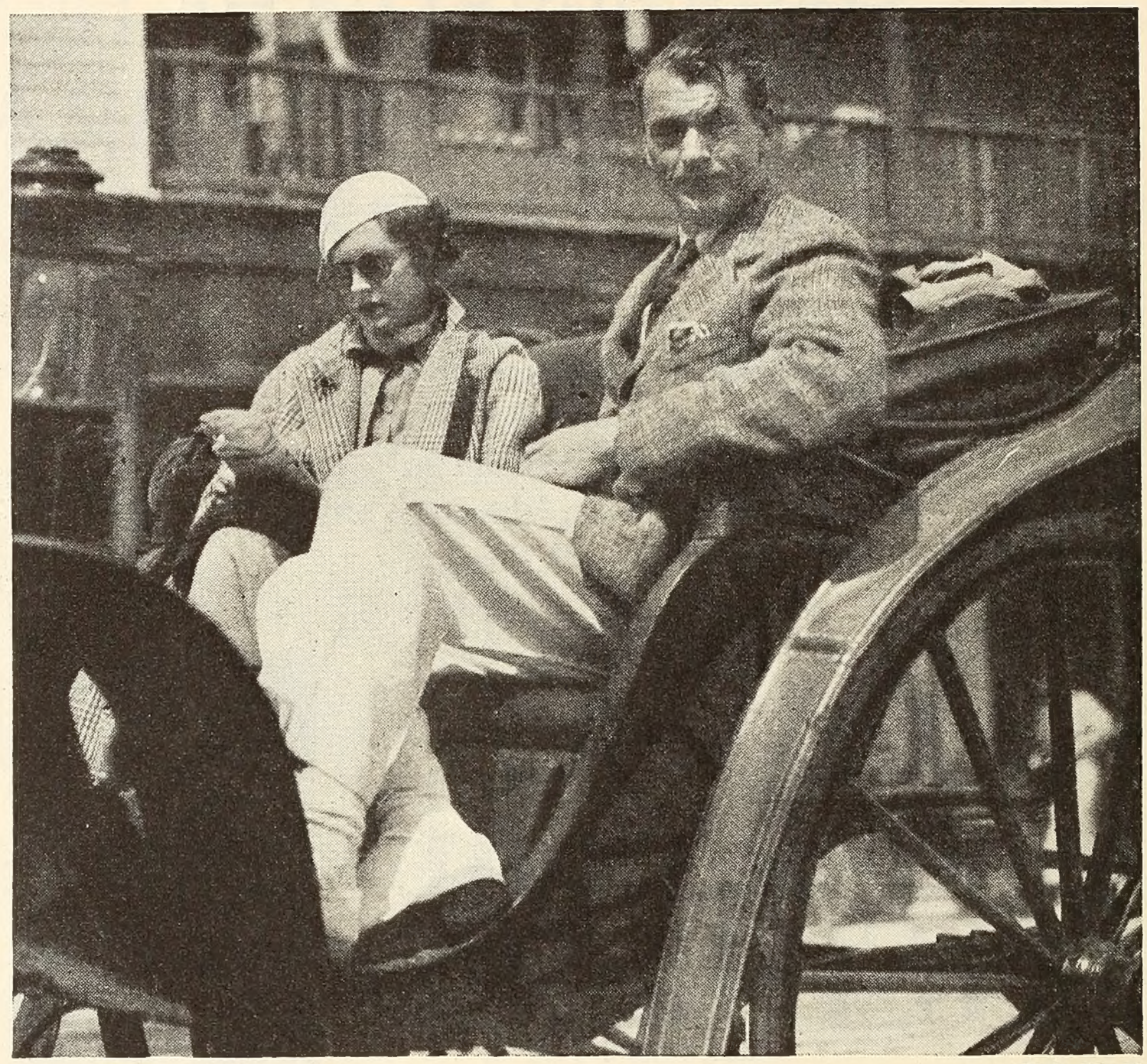
JOAN CRAWFORD has designed herself a costume for theatre wear that *everybody* is talking about.

A very tailored suit on the order of a man's tuxedo is what it is. The plain skirt is ankle-length and has seam splits. The white satin blouse is cut like a modified sport shirt and has diamond clips on the soft collar. But it's the coat that takes the eye—very tuxedoish, even to the pinched-in waist and wide lapels of satin.

She has asked Adrian to make her a costume like it for *No More Ladies.* Well, a tuxedo ought to go with a title like that! . . . We all may be wearing them, once the picture is released.

Manhattan Meets Marlene

MARLENE DIETRICH tried a new ruse on her recent New York holiday. She persuaded Paramount to give a Sunday afternoon cocktail party at the Waldorf-Astoria and invite all the writing boys and girls, who would see her, even talk with her for brief moments, and be content—especially after the cocktails.



—*Wide World*

It looks as if Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw intend to take a honeymoon every year. At least, they've been seeing New York, Florida, and Bermuda this spring. Here you see them in Bermuda, far from the madding crowd—and motor cars



—*Wide World*

A new Janet Gaynor stands revealed—an athletic, tennis-playing young person. And a sportily attired one, at that!

The most-inclined-to-be-tailored star of them all appeared in a trailing black velvet hostess gown, with emeralds and diamonds at her throat, and on her wrists and left hand. Her make-up was super-pale, her eyebrows were artificially slanted into high peaks. Sipping tea, she patiently shook hands for three hours. . . . And then vanished, to change into her most mannish suit, step out and be comfortable.

Where Was Garbo?

BUT Garbo can still keep reporters baffled. A columnist on a New York evening newspaper got himself some publicity by announcing that Greta was in town. A columnist on a morning daily, not to be outdone, said that she was stopping at a certain hotel—and gave her room number. A third said she had attended a certain new play. One of the more exclusive milliners told reporters that Greta had just bought thirty hats (among them, a silk topper) at a cost of $3,000. The papers (including the ones the columnists worked for) sent out their best celebrity-finders. But they couldn't find Garbo.

Note on Nelson

NELSON EDDY couldn't believe what the publicity boys were telling him—that women were going mad about his screen shadow. So one of them took him to a theatre where *Naughty Marietta* was breaking records. . . . And, in the theatre, Eddy got earfuls of "Oh's" and "Ah's" about himself.

Afterward, he shook his head. He couldn't understand it. "Here I've been singing for years, in cities all over the country, and nobody ever got excited about me. Then I make one picture—and look at what happens. . . ." His next will be *Maytime,* with either Grace Moore or Jeanette MacDonald as his co-star.

Operas Next

GRACE MOORE'S new picture, *Love Me Forever,* is laid entirely in America—just to prove, among other [*Continued on page* 10]

Hollywood's Most Famous Bad Man Joins the "G-MEN" and Halts the March of Crime!



Leave it to Warner Bros. to make the first big picture of America's greatest battle in the war on crime!

The producers of "The Public Enemy" have trained their cameras on the men who trained their guns on the craftiest killers of this gang-ridden day and age.

They've brought the G-MEN, mighty man-hunters of the Department of Justice, out of the shadows of secrecy into the brilliant glare of the picture screen.

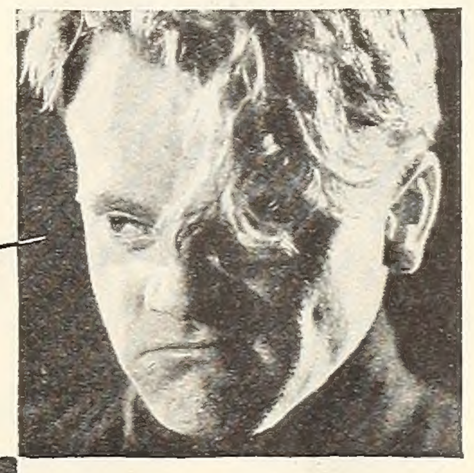
Yesterday's screaming headlines are a feeble whisper compared to the sensational revelations in this shot-by-shot dramatization of gangland's Waterloo — the last stand of the underworld!

It's all here! . . . every graphic detail of how the deadly trap was set — and sprung — on the Mad Dog of the Mobs, and of how the Big Shot no jail could hold kept his rendezvous with death!

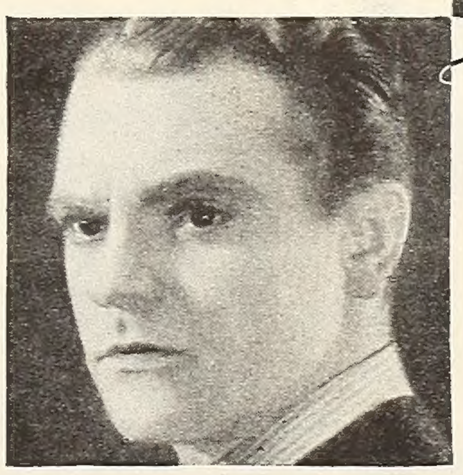
"G-Men" is easily the *stand-out* for this month's highest honors. Our advice is to see it yourself before your friends begin to rave about it!

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Yesterday



Public Enemy No. 1 in the never - to - be - forgotten Warner Bros. thriller, "The Public Enemy."



Today

he's on Uncle Sam's side, staging his own private war with the public enemies of 1935!

JIMMY CAGNEY revels in his return to the scenes of his greatest triumphs! . . . And Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, and Robert Armstrong score heavily in a big cast, superbly directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.

They're the Topics . . .

[*Continued from page* 8]

things, that grand music doesn't need a foreign background to make it grand. And behind the curtains marked 1936 there is a great shifting of scenery going on, a great shuffling of new feet—all inspired by this same Miss Moore. Grand opera is on the way into the movies.

Quietly, under cover, to avoid tipping off other studios, producers have been buying up rights to famous operas—for young, slenderish, glamorous, romantic singing stars. Already on the rosters are the names of Nelson Eddy, Lawrence Tibbett, Mary Ellis, Lily Pons, Helen Jepson, Gladys Swarthout, Jeanette MacDonald, Jan Kiepura. And others are on their way toward Hollywood!

Little House, Big Charity

FOR a small admission fee, you may see the greatest dollhouse in history—built and furnished like a palace, at a cost of nearly a half-million dollars. It is the property of Colleen Moore, of silent screen fame, who is giving America a chance to see it—with all the admissions to go into an endowment fund for the children's orthopedic hospitals of America.

From city to city, she is sending the dollhouse, whose tiny cornerstone was laid in New York a few weeks ago by the President's mother, Mrs. James Roosevelt. The tour will last two years, is expected to gross two million dollars in receipts. Miss Moore will receive no monetary return on her investment; every last cent will go to the children's hospitals. And all those who once bitterly attacked the screen star for what they considered an extravagantly costly hobby are now strangely muted.

Miriam All Smiles

MIRIAM HOPKINS, finishing the last scene of *Becky Sharp,* donned her smartest suit, hopped into a plane and flew off to New York to open her recently acquired town house in colorful, exclusive Sutton Place—once the property of the late Elisabeth Marbury, most famed of all literary agents.

The smile she flashed when she stepped off the plane at Newark Airport was as warm as a day in spring. It radiated confidence that *Becky Sharp,* first all-natural-color picture, will make screen history.

Gable Mobbed Again

THE only two places where Clark Gable seems to be safe are Hollywood and the wind-blown Sierras (where he takes refuge even from Hollywood between pictures). If he ventures anywhere else, he has a battle on his hands—a battle to keep hordes of women from clutching at him, trying to touch him. Going down to Texas to see his pretty and popular stepdaughter, Georgiana Lucas, married, he took to the air to avoid the frenzied female rushes. But someone tipped off all Texas, or so it looked when he landed. Hundreds, thousands of women were there, waiting. For one thing, it was spring in Texas. For another thing, Gable still seems to be Gable.



The movies must be socially acceptable now. Here is Prince Sigvard of Sweden, with his bride, arriving in Hollywood—to become a director!

Claudette Goes Auburn

AFTER receiving the Academy award for the best feminine performance of 1934 (in *It Happened One Night),* Claudette Colbert hopped a train for New York, where amazed reporters discovered that she had tinted her hair auburn—perhaps just for a change.

Best-Dressed in the East

THE best-dressed actress on the Broadway stage this season, by the official vote of qualified fashion judges, is Constance Cummings, star of *Accent on Youth,* and late of the cinema.

The Future Style-Setter

ROYER, the brilliant young Fox stylist who tells, a few pages farther back, how to be "unexpected" and glamorous, ventures the opinion that Mona Barrie is the future best-dressed woman of the screen—because she is already well-dressed off the screen (and she selects her clothes, herself), is not a sensationalist, and is a sophisticate.



—*Wide World*

Like colleges, movie studios vote on The Girls Most Likely to Succeed. These are the 1934 winners at Paramount: starting with Gertrude Michael (in striped sweater) and reading left around the circle: Wendy Barrie, Gail Patrick, Katherine De Mille, Grace Bradley and Ann Sheridan

THE BLUE OF HER EYES—THE SCARLET OF HER LIPS



Bewitching Queen of Coquettes...care-free charmer...whose beauty blazed in conquest...while the world about her flamed! The private life of the world's most glamorous adventuress . . . who used men as stepping stones . . . and made history. Told against an exciting and colorful background . . . as big as the mighty events through which its drama rolls!...Re-created on the Technicolor screen . . . its breathless beauty will burst upon the world in radiant life . . . and glorious color!

PIONEER PICTURES PRESENTS

Miriam HOPKINS

in

BECKY SHARP

with

FRANCES DEE
CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BILLIE BURKE
ALISON SKIPWORTH
NIGEL BRUCE • ALAN MOWBRAY

Distributed by
RKO-RADIO PICTURES, INC.

Designed in color by ROBERT EDMOND JONES

The first...full-length production photographed in the gasping grandeur of NEW TECHNICOLOR! ...A new miracle in motion pictures...that promises to create a revolution...as great as that caused by sound!...The producers of "La Cucaracha" are proud to pioneer and present the first full-length feature filmed in the full glory of NEW TECHNICOLOR!

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION



New Shopping *Finds!*

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Shopping Scouts have been out reconnoitering for exciting new gadgets . . . the latest conveniences . . . intriguing summer luxuries. Complaining bitterly that they would like the space to tell you about all of their finds, they tell you about as many as possible in this space. More next month!—Editor.

****It can't be summer without snapshots of "the gang" in bathing suits . . . of picnics . . . of house parties. And what's to keep you from collecting a whole album of shots in three months, when you can get one of the new-sized Baby Brownies for only 85c?

****Do you hear the rustle of taffeta as summer approaches? It's going to be the rage. And just in case you are going to be worried about what you wear underneath it, without having bumps in the wrong places, Bien Jolie presents a satin foundation, completely boneless, for either daytime or evening. It comes in sizes 34 to 38, and a ten-dollar bill buys it.

****Have you heard of "The Hickory Fashion Council," organized by a smart girdle company? It is composed of stars noted for their fashion alertness—Gloria Stuart, Adrienne Ames, Esther Ralston, Sally Blane and Binnie Barnes—who actually assist expert designers as advisers. One of their "consensus suggestions" is a complete foundation of two-way-stretch satin Lastex . . . very low-cut in back, very uplifting, and very proficient in giving allure to the figure. The cost is $12.50.

****You used to lug a portable phonograph to the cottage for the summer. Now you can take along a portable radio and keep up-to-date on your dance music. The new, compact American-Bosch measures just 10½ by 7½ by 5¼ inches, has a built-in antenna, needs no ground wire, and operates on either A.C. or D.C.

****A neat Van Raalte idea, which all the big stores are window-displaying, is the "Picnit" glove. It's tailored, of ribbed Fauntex fabric, with button trimmings, and sells for $1 and up.

****The smartest idea in summer stockings that we have seen yet is the one that Kayser and Lastex got together on. The stockings are called Rolettes with the tops below the knees, and non-binding holder-upper tops knitted right in. They are feather-light and as washable as handkerchiefs—and cost no more than your usual hose. . . . Kayser feels the movie influence. At least, they have named four new beige stocking shades after dances that the movies have made popular—Rumba, Carioca, Bolero, and Tango. What—no Continental? They are priced from $1 up.

****This cleaning problem can get you down, but not when you use Vapoo, which is something special in the way of a cleaner for rugs, draperies, lamp shades, etc. It simply whisks away the dirt . . . don't ask us how. One can will clean a 9x12 carpet, 10 chairs, 2 automobile interiors, and dozens of lamp shades . . . and if you want more for a dollar, you're greedy!

****They are perfectly huge—these new Cannon towels—and the most delightfully beachy-looking things we've seen, decorated with clever fishes, palm trees, and wild waves. To lie on the beach . . . to wrap around you on the way . . . to use for months afterwards . . . what could be more luxuriously sporty for $2.34?

****Imagine taking an ordinary glass and making it look like an extremely expensive hand-etched one in a minute, and at the cost of a cent! All you do is put a stencil on the object to be etched, smear on a bit of Etchall cream, and you'll have a permanent monogram. You can monogram vanity mirrors, window panes, liquor bottles, glasses. You can be very smart and etch it on the headlights, windows and windshield of your car to discourage theft. Each tube contains enough cream to etch your monogram on dozens of pieces and costs only $1. Small size, 50c. It's put out by Etchall, 70 Pine St., New York City.

****With the lazy season upon us, it's time to watch our weight. Anyone under 250 pounds (heavens, we hope you aren't over that!) can pick up a bathroom scale for 250 cents or $2.50. It's made by Health-O-Meter.

****There is a new combination compact and cigarette case on the market that is the acme of something or other. Comfort, perhaps. It's called the Glyde-A-Way, and it lives up to its name by having a cover that slides back like the cover of a roll-top desk, exposing whichever compartment you want exposed. It sells for $2.

****A young woman named Lydia O'Leary has invented something that has actually made life worth living for hundreds of people. With a terrible birthmark that kept her from even getting jobs, she was forced by necessity to find a way of covering—and the result is a magical cosmetic called Cover Mark, under which birthmarks, disfiguring scars, all disappear It costs $3, and lasts for months.

The GIBSON FAMILY

Pretty Sally Gibson isn't spoofing when she says she owes her lovely complexion to Ivory Soap.

WHEN SALLY WAS A BABY she had daily baths with pure Ivory—on Doctor MacCrea's advice. And Ivory kept her sensitive skin soft and comfortable as a baby's should be.

LATER ON, in the 'teens—when Sally's friends were falling all over themselves trying out "beauty" and "complexion" soaps—Sally still clung to her pure Ivory treatments. "I *like* Ivory," she protested. "It's white and clean-smelling—and it leaves my skin feeling so fresh!"

AND NOW, when Sally looks into her mirror she sees a flawless Ivory complexion.

It's never too late! Start cleansing *your* face with Ivory—"the soap that is safe for a baby's skin"—

IVORY SOAP · · 99 44/100 % PURE



"AND SO—the heroine washed her face with Ivory Soap," relates Sally, entertaining two visiting Sunday School pupils. "*Then*—the hero saw she was simply *beautiful*—"

"Do you use this same Ivory, Miss Gibson?" asks adoring Rosika.

"Yes, since I was a tiny baby," says Sally, "because my doctor said I must have a pure gentle soap."

"You see!" nods Rosika to Anna. "Let's use Ivory—so's our skins'll look like Miss Sally's!"

PURE IVORY DOES NOT DRY THE SKIN



"THIS PARTY DRESS will make a hit at the style show!" happily sighs the buyer of "misses' dresses."

"Don't forget, Miss Marsh, to tell customers how beautifully this organdie washes with Ivory Flakes. We're advising Ivory exclusively in this Washable Summer-Fashions Show!"

"Count on me!" says Dot. "After all the teddies and stockings and silk dresses I've kept going for months by using Ivory, I'll be a grand little Ivory talker."

FINE STORES SAY, "USE PURE IVORY FLAKES"



"GEE, I THOUGHT this was a kitchen shower," says Bobby Gibson. "Whatcha giving Miss Peters all of that Ivory for?"

"Son!" answers Mrs. Gibson, "you are not old enough to realize how a girl feels about her hands. This little bride isn't going to cry her eyes out because dish-washing gets her hands red and rough—because I'm starting her out on Ivory—and Ivory tells its own story!"

GENTLE PURE IVORY KEEPS HANDS SMOOTH

B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



by Jane Heath

So—YOU know some one who's planning a trip to the altar! Let's do a little missionary work for her—right away! Imagine what a fiery blush, or turning deathly pale, does to the most-carefully-made-up face! A bride simply must depend mostly upon her eyes alone for beauty. They'll be sparkling anyway—but no matter how busy she is, see that she takes the time to slip her lashes into *Kurlash* (just as you do!) so that they may curve back into the most enchanting frames that deepen and enhance her eyes. Kurlash costs only $1 at almost any store, so perhaps you'd better take her one.



Something Blue

Then—blue eyeshadow—because it's so lovely beneath white filmy veiling. *Shadette*, the eyeshadow in compact form, comes in a heavenly cerulean blue (as well as in violet, brown or green), $1. Pass it among the attendants, too, for a lovely ensemble effect.



Something New

A wedding is a dramatic event—so use blue mascara, also. Lashtint Compact may be carried right into the vestry, for it carries a little sponge to insure even application. Take it along in black, too, to touch the very tips of the bridesmaids' lashes after the blue. (It's a final, theatrical note of beauty.) Also in chestnut brown, at $1.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department F-6, *The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.*

Copr. The Kurlash Co. Inc 1935



Rhodes Photo, Exclusively for CLASSIC

"It's fun to be filled!" Lyle Talbot and Peggy Watters seem to be humming—sampling all the hors d'oeuvres in sight

By Marilyn Grant

FAREWELL

Starving has gone out of style. All the smartest people have become fanciers of fine foods!

IT LOOKS like goodbye to diets—even in Hollywood. Particularly in Hollywood. No longer is it stylish to starve. The smartest people are eating, drinking and being merry—and planning to exercise tomorrow.

A sudden craving for curves has nothing to do with it. Hollywood has just suddenly realized that it is the most cosmopolitan town on earth, what with the variety of its celebrities—and it wants to act the part. And the first step is to become connoisseurish about cookery; to know by experience, not mere hearsay, the delights of dining in faraway, romantic places.

Connoisseur No. 1 at the moment seems to be Carl Brisson, the smiling Danish singing star, who gave Hollywood its first taste of cheese one hundred years old—and has the town asking for more.

Let me smuggle you into his home for dinner—to initiate you into the ritual of the fabulous cheese. But before we start out, I want to prepare you. You will be expected to work up to it gradually, with an introduction of approximately two hundred dishes . . .

• First, there are cocktails, foamy with beaten egg-whites. After this conventional preliminary, the main bout begins, which is called, Danish fashion, a "sit-down" dinner. And very well named it is, too, for it is all you can do to stand up after it is over.

An amazing array of bowls and plates confronts you, each piled high with trick Danish *hors d'oeuvres*. There is, for example, *beuf tatare*, which in English means a small patty of raw ground beef sirloin, covered with chopped raw onions, capers and green peppers. On top of this is balanced half an egg shell containing the yolk of one egg. You pour the yolk over the meat, mix it around with your fork, and eat it. Another name for this is "The making of a Viking." So now you know what Carls are made of.

Then there is *hakkebofer*, which is a little dab of minced pork fried in butter and resting under a blanket of finely chopped fried onions. The



Carl Brisson, Hollywood's Food Fancier No. 1, has a partiality for Eggs Madeira—not to mention 199 other delicacies!

to DIETS!

Danes do cute things with pork. On that dish just beyond the pickled herrings, you will find more ground pork, only this time the meat has been rolled in a slightly boiled white cabbage leaf and the whole fried in butter. One delicacy of which Carl is particularly fond is *Eggs Madeira*. No matter where they are placed on the table, those eggs invariably end up in front of him. They are poached and served on round croutons. In the center of the tray are tender little fish—anchovies, sardellen, and sardines; and the platter is garnished with parsley, capers and relish.

There are all kinds of mayonnaise dishes on the table—lobster mayonnaise, chicken, whitefish, tuna and others. There are relishes, pickles, sausages, salads, kippered fish, pickled fish, creamed fish, fish in oil, salted fish, smoked fish and more fish. (The Danes know all there is to know about fish.) One of the nicest of the non-fish dishes is mushrooms and sweetbreads in cream sauce seasoned with sherry wine. Beer is served while this part of the dinner, known as the "cold table" is being consumed. But before the beer is brought on, glasses of Danish *schnapps*, or *akvavit*, are poured from a tall green bottle entirely frozen in a block of ice. Carl toasts his guests with this *akvavit*, and everyone who knows it sings a gay Danish drinking song with him.

● After the "cold table," the "hot table" appears. Fish is never served at this, but dishes like pork tenderloins stuffed with parsley, roast chickens or other fowl, and hot vegetables with rich Danish gravy are brought in. The gravy is made from butter in which meat has been fried, flour and heavy cream. Red and white wine are served with the hot table. Then come the sweets—frozen creams, ices and custards.

Finally, there is the cheese. There are seven kinds of cheese placed on the table, but all the others pale into insignificance beside THE cheese, which has been cheesing ever since 1835. It has been doing its stuff personally for Carl for the past fifteen years. Between dinners it is kept in a tightly sealed glass jar. Yes, to be perfectly truthful, you are right. It *does* smell its age. You get only a little smear of it on a thin rye wafer, however. Let me whisper to you that this venerable cheese costs $100 a pound on the open market today.

Following the cheese, maids bring in fruits and nuts. If you are the least bit hungry, you can now fill up on almonds, [*Continued on page 77*]

Don't choose your laxative *blindly!*



BLIND Man's Buff is no game to play... in any matter pertaining to your health.

When you need a laxative, you must know *beforehand* how it will act on you.

Harsh laxatives will cause stomach pains, upset you, leave you weak. Laxatives whose sole virtue is gentleness may fail to be thorough.

You must have *both* thoroughness and gentleness...you must have pleasant, painless, complete relief from constipation. Never be satisfied with less from a laxative.

Why America uses more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Yet its action is so gentle... so completely without stomach pains. Ex-Lax doesn't leave you feeling weak, doesn't upset you. Ex-Lax is not habit-forming—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And Ex-Lax is not a punishment—it's a pleasure to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Ex-Lax has no unpleasant after-taste and no bad after-effects.

Millions of people have found this out. And last year alone, 46 million boxes of Ex-Lax were bought!

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store. If you would like to find out how good it is... at our expense... just mail the coupon below for a free sample.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MP65 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax

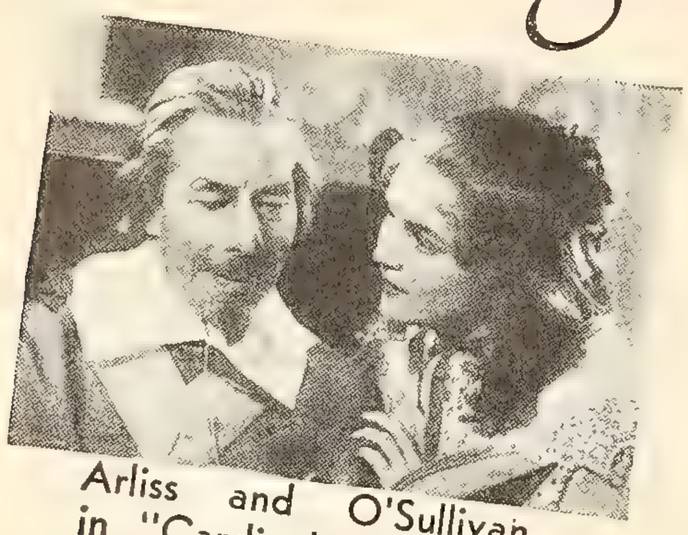
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Seeing Things

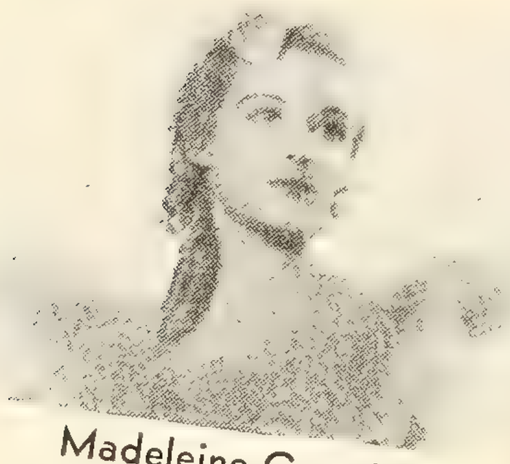
MOVIE CLASSIC reviews the new pictures from a feminine viewpoint



Arliss and O'Sullivan in "Cardinal Richelieu"



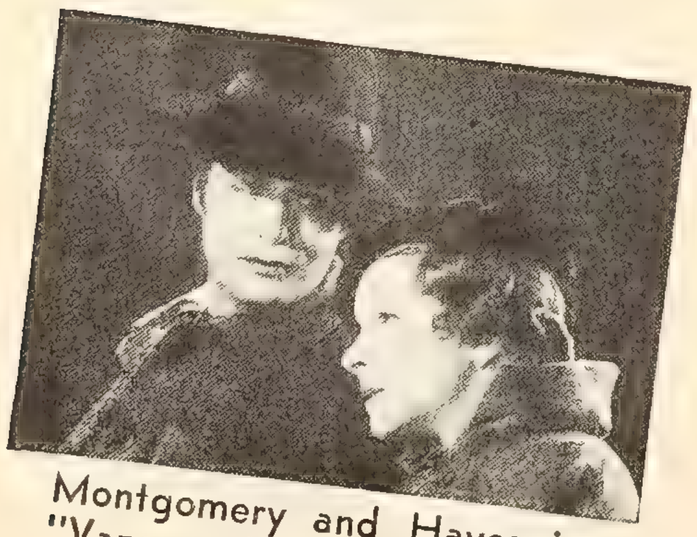
Boyer and Colbert in "Private Worlds"



Madeleine Carroll in "Farewell to Love"



Keeler and Jolson in "Go into Your Dance"



Montgomery and Hayes in "Vanessa: Her Love Story"

MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviewers, for your guidance, rate the new pictures as follows:

- ● ● ● ● Exceptional
- ● ● ● Excellent
- ● ● Good
- ● Skip it

● ● ● ● **Cardinal Richelieu** *(20th Century)* is another masterpiece of the Arliss art. If there is anything a woman admires, it is poise, coupled with smartness. And on the screen the two aren't combined any more adroitly than in George Arliss, who can (and does) give acting lessons to heroes half his age . . . In the title rôle, he plays a character about whom the historians have had controversies for more than a century—and handles the delicate, difficult assignment so suavely that no one can be offended. He humanizes the almost mythical Richelieu of the history books and makes the biography stimulating and zestful . . . Edward Arnold is superb as the weakling King, but feminine eyes will fasten on Cesar Romero, the newest of the Latin lovers, who is smitten with Maureen O'Sullivan, quaintly wistful in curls.

● ● ● ● **Private Worlds** *(Paramount)* is a faultless film translation of Phyllis Bottome's novel, which was read by thousands who could never visualize the movies' attempting to do it. Paramount rates an extra-large orchid for not only making the effort, but succeeding—and bravos and bravas can be distributed wholesale among the four principals: Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett . . . The setting is a hospital for mental diseases, where, through the twistings and turnings of events, the three chief doctors and the wife of one of them seem headed for fates as pitiable as those of their patients . . . If you can take your drama strong, and would like to see Claudette as the most thoroughly believable (and emotional) woman doctor in Hollywood history, you can't afford to miss it.

● ● ● **Farewell to Love** *(G-B)* offers a surprise . . . If you ever thought that Clive Brook was too glacial to be a convincing lover, here is your chance to change your mind. As the doctor, *Struensee,* who becomes dictator in the court of King Christian VII of Denmark and who falls passionately in love with the beautiful *Princess Caroline Mathilde* (Madeleine Carroll), he is on fire with emotion; he dominates the whole picture . . . The costumes, not to mention the palatial settings, are a feast for jaded eyes.

● ● ● **Go Into Your Dance** *(Warners)* presents Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler (Mrs. Al) together, for the first time on any stage. It also makes a record of a new trend in New York night-life—namely, the conversion of idle theatres into dine-and-dance cabarets. It gives Al, in the rôle of a singer making a comeback against melodramatic obstacles, a chance to sing—and Ruby, as a dancing beginner who is trying hard, a chance to do some neat and fancy stepping . . . You will be humming "A Latin from Manhattan" and "About a Quarter to Nine."

● ● ● **Vanessa: Her Love Story** *(M-G-M)* is a tale of two spirited young lovers (Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery) who part, only to meet in later years and realize that they are still in love—with new obstacles in their way . . . Obstacle No. 1 is Otto Kruger, who happens to have married Helen and is a jealous madman. He walks off with the picture, which only proves once more that the one who does the unexpected is the one who clicks . . . There is considerable conversation, with all three principals distinguishing themselves as elocution experts.

● ● ● ● **Star of Midnight** *(RKO-Radio)* is—though you might never guess it from the title—the closest approach yet to a duplication of *The Thin Man.* It's that amusing, human and intelligent . . . William Powell again is an amateur detective with a murder to solve, and again is [*Continued on page 79*]

Shades of OLD MONTEREY by ORRY KELLY

VICTORIA VINTON

MARTHA MERRILL

NORMA TAYLOR

JEAN CONNORS

DOROTHY DARE

IRRESISTIBLE! Warm, vibrant Spanish colorings ..entirely new in water-fashions! Serape stripe accents..Orry-Kelly originalities..as designed exclusively for Catalina



These Warner Bros. Players prefer Shades of Old Monterey

Catalina SWIM SUITS

LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH

Preview flashes from SHIRLEY'S greatest picture.. "OUR LITTLE GIRL"

by Jerry Halliday





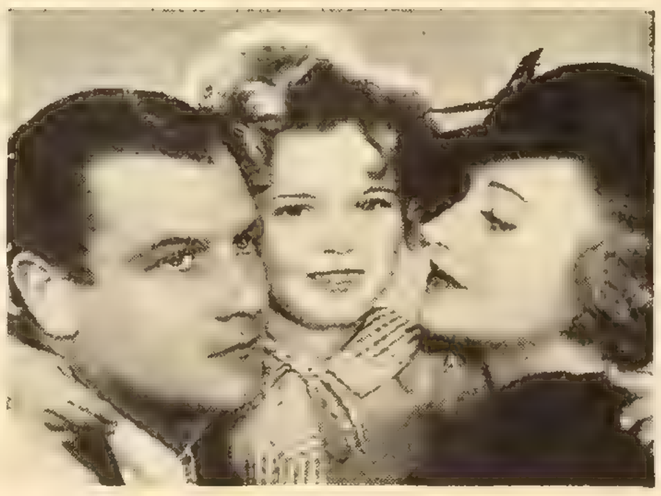
"COME ON OVER AND SEE MY STATUE!"

Forgotten (for the moment anyway) are Shirley's dolls and pretty dishes. Shirley is still telling friends about the nice, fat man . . . (Irvin S. Cobb to you) . . . who traded a bee-you-tee-ful statue for a hug and kiss! Dear little girl, I wonder if you'll ever know the happiness you bring to millions of people. Special Academy Award? That's nothing to the good wishes the whole world sends you!

Shirley

She plays at being happy to rebuild a shattered dream!

CONGRATULATIONS, FANS, here comes Shirley! How you'll thrill to this human story of a child and her parents whose happiness is suddenly threatened! And how the tense, dramatic climax will stir the heart of everyone from Granddad to Junior as Shirley's love triumphs over a family crisis. A *"must-see" picture!*



Rosemary Ames and Joel McCrea give true-to-life performances as the parents who grope in the dark shadows of misunderstanding.

●

You'll love Shirley's lullaby, "Our Little Girl."



If there can be anything more adorable than Shirley alone, it's Shirley with Sniff, her loyal companion.

●

SHIRLEY DANCES AND SHE SINGS . . . TOO!

TEMPLE

in

'OUR LITTLE GIRL'

ROSEMARY AMES
JOEL McCREA

Lyle Talbot • Erin O'Brien-Moore

Produced by Edward Butcher • Directed by John Robertson • From the story "Heaven's Gate" by Florence Leighton Pfalzgraf

FOX

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD



—*Fraker*

Exotic Ann Sothern, of the Columbia Pictures Sotherns, usually doesn't do things by halves. And even when she does—for a camera study—she still is wholly provocative. From her spun-gold hair to the tips of her expressive fingers, she is everything that a glamor girl ought to be—and a triple-threat star, as a singer, dancer and actress. The actress-side will be highlighted in "Eight Bells," which answers the description of "action drama"

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD





© by Sally Clark

If any young modern rates a statue in the public square, that y. m. is Amelia Earhart. And a model for such a statue might be this, sculptured from life last year by Sally Clark, herself a sculptress-explorer



Newsreel Heroine

Most of the movie heroines enact drama; Amelia Earhart lives it—with a calm, smiling assurance that is, in itself, dramatic. . . . No thrill-seeker, she never makes a flight that is not planned to the smallest detail; no glory-seeker, she never blazes a new trail that she does not share the glory with all women, everywhere—writing across the sky that there a woman can be the equal of a man. . . . And flying is not her only career. She never lets the world forget that first, last and always she is the wife of George Palmer Putnam, Paramount Pictures executive. . . . An idol in Hollywood, as elsewhere, she smiles away all suggestions, however, that she face other movie cameras besides the newsreel kind

—Photos from Wide World

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD



—*Richee*

Reflecting

Thinking isn't a pose with Carole Lombard. It's a habit. It must be. No bathing beauty could develop into a star (and "the best-dressed star," at that!) just on good looks, or even good luck. Right now she is thinking of a trip to Alaska—the far North summer resort—to make "Renegade"



—*Manatt*

Glorying

Marion Davies is not only one of the powers in the movie kingdom; she is also one of its greater glories. That being the case, the Warners have made a happy choice for her first picture for them—"Page Miss Glory." Next, so rumor insists, she may perform "The Miracle" for Max Reinhardt

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD



Twenty is a glamorous age—and Rochelle Hudson is twenty. More than that she is beautiful, poised, dramatic. She is what stars are fashioned of—and the fashioning process is already under way. And because of the plans that Fox producers and designers have for her, she will bear watching in "Curly Top" and other films in the offing



Since Ziegfeld, probably the greatest glorifier of the American girl has been Madge Evans. To the world in general, and to a million college boys in particular, she is what every American girl ought to be, daytime or evening—attractively natural. Half of her secret is in her naturally attractive personality; and the other half, as any smart girl knows, is in her wardrobe

—C. S. Bull

Young Ladies of Fashion—1935

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD





Katharine Hepburn has made herself the most dynamic picture personage by being the most dramatic individualist. Always capable of doing the unexpected, she is equally capable of being fierily feminine. No mawkish imitations of mere man for her—aside from wearing a pair of overalls! Her new picture, aptly named, is "Break of Hearts"

Stars may come and stars may go, but Mary Pickford still remains the First Lady of Movieland—the most ambitious exponent of feminine accomplishments, the most constant source of feminine inspiration. Already a star on screen, stage and radio, a producer, and a novelist, she is now interesting herself in Television—the entertainment of the future!

Feminists to the Fore!

DARE TO BE GLAMOROUS!

says Joan Bennett

The shyest of the beautiful Bennetts points out that it takes courage to be colorful—and illustrates with her own personal wardrobe



There is "almost Shakespearean" glamor in this hostess gown, which Joan Bennett describes

By GERTRUDE HILL

TODAY, she is one of the most serenely glamorous young women alive—but once Joan Bennett was shy, backward, afraid to dramatize her personality. And the story of how she conquered her self-consciousness is a saga of achievement, an inspiration for every girl who has ever longed to be attractive.

Never, probably, was there a more super-sensitive young girl than the pre-Hollywood Joan Bennett; never, probably, was there a girl who longed more wistfully or more passionately for glamor, for the self-confidence that is a companion of glamor.

For one thing, she had an older sister (the famous Constance) who was not only dramatically beautiful, but always smartly, dramatically dressed—the center of attention wherever she went. Whether justified or not (and later events would indicate that she was *not* justified), Joan felt plain and colorless by comparison and shrank into the background.

And to add to her self-consciousness she had a visual handicap—an inability to see clearly, at a distance of more than a few feet, any object or any person. Super-sensitive about not being able to see as others saw, she suffered tortures, thinking how she, herself, might—or might not—appear to others.

Something changed her.

She learned the first and foremost of all the secrets of glamor: You have to *dare* to be glamorous before you can have glamor.

I asked her to tell you and me about her own personal ideas of glamor, 1935 style. These are her words:

"TOO many modern women are afraid to be colorful. Don't look so startled. If you stop to think, you'll agree with me. Of all the loveliness in this world—all the flowing, pulsing color—how much do we make our own? [*Continued on page* 62]

AND YOU *CAN* BE GLAMOROUS!

says Royer

The famous Fox designer, creator of fashions for young women, tells you how to have a maximum of chic with a minimum of expense



By CAROL CRAIG

YOU don't have to be born glamorous to possess glamor. You don't have to be famous. You don't have to be wealthy—or even beautiful. All you need is intelligence. If you are smart, you can *look* smart.

Thus says ROYER, famous Fox fashion designer, who, at thirty-two and after a career in Paris, New York and Hollywood, has created enough glamor to know what he is talking about.

And in telling you how *you* can be glamorous, he is revealing in public for the first time secrets that have proved themselves worth millions, literally, to women who have become fashion-famous on the screen and the stage and in society.

Glamor is, to ROYER, an expression of individuality. You cannot dress like every other woman of your acquaintance and hope to be glamorous. You cannot slavishly follow fashion decrees. Your clothes need little unexpected touches that are intriguingly appropriate for *you*. And you may be surprised to learn how much these little touches can do for you.

FOR example, ROYER says: "To be glamorous is not a matter of consistency, of conforming to the style dictums of the moment. Consistency is a refuge for small minds, for the unimaginative. The chic woman not only has imagination; she has the courage to be different—and her individuality is always in good taste.

"The reason why movie actresses are so glamorous is because, by the very nature of things, they have to dramatize their individual characteristics. Nowhere except in Hollywood can women dress so dramatically all of the time. But women everywhere can take hints from Hollywood—modifying them to their own personalities.

"But let's not generalize. Let's be specific.

"There are two kinds of glamor, two times for glamor—daytime and evening. Many [*Continued on page* 64]

ROYERISMS



"Clothes glamor is very closely associated with hairdressing. Every woman with a desire to be glamorous is experimenting with new coiffure effects"



"There is a new trick to add chic to suits for more dressy occasions—a bracelet of synthetic stones over one glove. It adds that unexpected touch"



"No woman should be afraid to cover half her face with her hat. She should remember that, for purposes of glamor, one eye is as good as two"

JOAN



Joan Crawford is not merely the girl who made gardenias famous; she is the one and only person who made Joan Crawford famous. She was born poor and obscure, with no heritage of special opportunities. She was also born ambitious and determined. And unafraid of criticism. Moreover, the heroine of "No More Ladies" proves in the new, exclusive interview opposite that she still has all three qualities, plus an honesty and forthrightness all her own

CRAWFORD *Answers Her Critics*

The tearer-downers have had their say about the world's most imitated actress. Now it is her turn to talk—plainly!

BY SONIA LEE

JOAN CRAWFORD, still in her twenties, is more than a motion-picture star. She is a cult, a tradition, a symbol of what millions of women would like to be. They follow her as a leader, copying her make-up, her hairdress, her styles; simulating her walk and her talk; emulating her ambition, her determination, her every gesture and attitude.

She shares an international spotlight with leaders of thought and action, men and women who determine human destinies. And, like them, she pays the penalties of Fame. Like them, she is a target for criticism and vituperation and misjudgment—attacks by innuendo, by untraceable whisperings, by calculated distortion of actions and statements and situations.

She recognizes and accepts the fact that criticism is a by-product of Fame. But she cannot always accept the fact placidly, with a smile and a shrug of the shoulders. She is too sensitive, too spirited—and too American, perhaps—to let injustice or misrepresentation go unchallenged.

Joan Crawford is not a dodger. She does not resort to silence or sarcasm or counter-insinuations to try to stifle her critics. She does not pretend to ignore them or to avoid hearing them. She considers what they say—more thoughtfully than they do. And, now, she answers them—all of them.

● "THERE have been many absurd, as well as justifiable, criticisms directed at me," she says. "They have ranged from bitter attacks on my mouth make-up in *Rain,* through my supposed engrossment with my leading men, to various alleged feuds with the other women stars on my home lot.

"In turn, I was supposed to be jealous of Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow, and numerous others. Name them for yourself. More recently, I have been accused of being rude to Jean Harlow because Franchot Tone was selected as her leading man. According to my critics, I have been temperamental, I have insisted on my own way with directors, I have failed to recognize the people I knew in the years past.

"That's a pretty long list of indictments. Possibly, I have achieved that valued sense of humor I have been accused of not having. Anyway, I am able now to take them up one by one, to answer them on their merits and to explain many things that have never been explained before.

"I have never talked until now about *Rain* as a picture and my part in it. I wanted to do *Rain.* I thought I had a conception of *Sadie Thompson* that would present in capsule form a universal type of woman. I begged for the opportunity and it was given to me.

"A few days after the picture went into production, I discovered that I was to be given little leeway in characterization, that every movement of my hands or my body, every inflection of my voice was to be in accordance with the director's conception of the play and the part. I protested—and Hollywood said I was going temperamental.

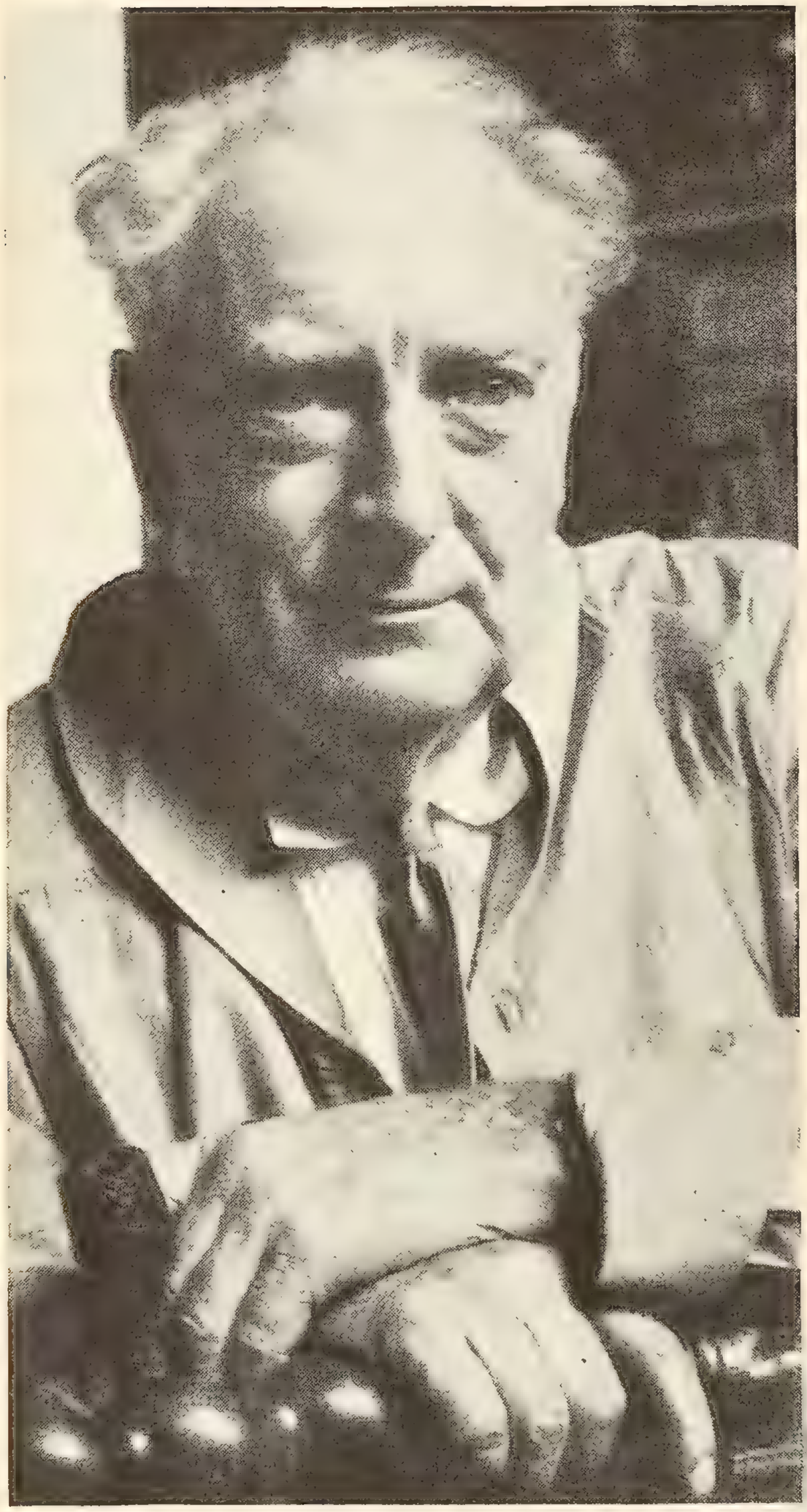
"No actress worthy of the name can be a puppet in the hands of anyone. The thing that makes her an actress is her ability to dramatize an intangible figure and to inject into it an individuality. When there are restrictions surrounding an actress, [*Continued on page* 60]



Constant companions off - screen — Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford. But not on the screen!

—Wide World Photo

WHO Are the



HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, America's foremost illustrator, portrait painter and judge of feminine pulchritude, selects ten

By B. F. WILSON

innumerable committees selecting outstanding charmers. He has painted hundreds of nationally famous posters featuring beautiful girls. He is continually being called upon to select queens of beauty in colleges, schools, national contests, and each and every kind of feminine tournament. For five years, he picked "Miss America."

And at his studio in the Hotel des Artistes in New York, surrounded by life-size portraits of gorgeous women, he told me:

"There are no great beauties today. If I thought for a week, I couldn't name a half dozen women who are what we used to call 'raving beauties'—and neither could you. Beauty has become a commodity, more than a quality, to the extent that no individuals stand out.

"They can all be classified as this type or that type now—and it's a great pity. The famous beauties of the past fulfilled a need that made the world brighter, happier—a more desirable place to live in. They were legends; and, around them, men spun dreams. Can you imagine bands of men today toasting any lady because she is beautiful, or driving her carriage through the streets with themselves in the place of the horses? No, of course not. That's what I mean when I say that really great beauty seems to have disappeared from the faces of the women nowadays."



His keen blue eyes twinkled merrily. He ran an impatient hand through the shock of his snow-white hair as he said:

"Perhaps it's the movies that have done it. I don't know. But most of the girls who are stars look alike to me. I can hardly tell one from another. They are lovely in their work. Some of them have more character than the others. Maybe one or two stand out in my mind as being

This is a vivid camera study of Howard Chandler Christy—the man behind the brush that has immortalized the beauties of two generations. Right, the girl on his poster for the President's Birthday Ball

HOWARD Chandler Christy has been painting beautiful women ever since he began his famous career as an illustrator and portrait painter. He has seen all of the great beauties of the past forty years. He has known them all. He has painted them all. And today he stands alone as an authority on beauty.

For years, his name has been at the top of the portrayers of pulchritude. He has served on

Beauties of Today?



Mary Pickford—"before any others"

Whitney Bourne—"unusual"

Marion Davies—"has character"

better-looking than the rest—universal in their appeal."

"For instance?" I urged, taken a bit by surprise.

● "WELL," he said, his voice a slow drawl, "take Mary Pickford. I like her so much that, if I were asked to name a beautiful woman of the screen, I'd put her first—despite the fact that, according to classical standards, she couldn't really be called a great beauty. But she's such a swell person—she has so much character—she's such a fine sport, that I would name her before any of the others.

"I have never selected any girls who were faultlessly perfect in feature, coloring, size, or appearance for my models of beauty," he continued. "They must have more—or, if you like, less—than that to attract me. They must have personality, poise, rhythm of line, symmetry of body. What makes poetry beautiful? What makes a line live?

"Do you remember Ben Jonson's description of Shakespeare? 'Nature herself was proud of his design, and joyed to wear the dressing of his line.'

"That's what true beauty should be. It must be alive. The average girls you see in the theatre—I mean those who are hired because they have lovely faces and slim figures—why, looking at them, I experience the same reaction as I would if I went to some maker of masks and said, 'Show me six of those brunette ones over there, and a half dozen of these blondes.' Do you see what I mean?"

"Do any other screen stars besides Mary Pickford fit your conception of beauty?" I asked.

● "YES, Claudette Colbert for one. I think she is a fine little actress. Her face is mobile, expressive, pleasing to watch. The planes are good. Her eyes dance with vitality. She hasn't that 'sleepy' look that so many of them think necessary to be seductive.

"Marion Davies is another of my favorites. She isn't strictly beautiful, but her pink-and-white coloring is very pleasing, very pretty. And she, herself, is a



Claudette Colbert—"hasn't that 'sleepy' look"

"Beauties Must Have Personality—"



Barbara Hutton Mdivani

Wide World Photos



Mrs. Harrison Williams

Wide World Photos



Doris Duke Cromwell



Elisabeth Bergner

Mrs. H. C. Christy

Elise Ford

grand person. She has character, a great sense of humor, and a personality that makes you feel you are in the presence of one of the most attractive women you know.

"You don't have to have perfect features to be a great beauty," he continued. "The most beautiful woman on the New York stage today has in reality a plain, almost homely face. Her name is Elisabeth Bergner, and I defy anyone to witness her acting without feeling that he is looking at the most radiant, the most vibrant, the loveliest female he has ever seen. And yet, she has a tiny nose. Her cheekbones are too wide, her eyes too small, and her head is too large for her body. But her genius lights her acting with a flame that transforms her whole body, and you would swear to her loveliness despite the evidence of your own eyes."

He got up from his chair and went over to the telephone.

"I'm going to have you meet a young girl who has the standard requirements for beauty," he said. "She is only nineteen, and her face is unusual. She is my model—you must have seen her on the President's Birthday Ball poster. Her name is Elise Ford, and she lives in this building with her father and mother."

He called the number, and Elise said she would be right over. Mr. Christy went back to his seat and filled his pipe. A fox terrier and a Siamese cat played running games up and down the length of the studio. He watched their antics.

● THE door opened and a girl walked into the room. She was tall, slim and lovely. Her black hair was caught back and revealed two small ears. A cluster of short curls graced the slim nape of her neck. Her eyes were huge and almost as dark as her hair.

"This is Elise," said Mr. Christy in introduction. "She is really an unusual type. How much do you think she weighs?"

I looked at the trim, boyish figure. "About one hundred and two pounds," I guessed.

"She weighs one hundred and thirty pounds," said Mr. Christy. "She's all bone and muscle, and yet see how slender her ankles and wrists are. She is a fine swimmer, a great little athlete. Yesterday she walked nine miles in the country, 'to get a breath of air,' she said, and she has won eight cups and medals for excellence in her studies, and athletic competitions. She is learning how to be an artist, and has no desire to go in the movies. She wants to paint."

"How tall are you, Miss Ford?" I asked.

"Five feet, six and three-quarter inches," she answered. Her voice was low and charming. "With my shoes on, five feet, eight inches, she added.

"Have you ever done any screen work?"

"Oh, yes," she answered indifferently. [*Continued on page* 65]

By Maude Cheatham

IT'S ALWAYS JUNE WITH THE JOLSONS



Partners in a picture now, as well as in private life, Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson insist: "Romance begins at the altar"

THE Al Jolson-Ruby Keeler marriage, now more than six years old, is one of the Seven Wonders of Hollywood—at least, to Hollywoodians, who find it so easy to supply happy endings to make-believe romances and so difficult to make love last in real life. Broadway, too, marvels that this marriage can withstand the obstacles that beset its path.

Perhaps it is an amazing combination—the vital, volatile, sensitive Al, and quiet little Ruby, whose modesty and diffidence are almost unbelievable. It is one of those beautiful coincidences that they should have met, fallen in love and married, for between them is a peculiarly strong bond of sympathy, a complete understanding that no outside conditions can touch.

When they were married, Al was the sensational pioneer star of the talking screen and Ruby was Ziegfeld's star dancer, who voluntarily forgot her career to be "just Mrs. Jolson." And it took Al, himself, as well as all of the Warner Brothers, to persuade her—three years later—to play a rôle in *42nd Street,* which made her a star overnight. Now, for the first time, they are costarring—in *Go into Your Dance.* And both welcome the chance to share the single spotlight—for each firmly believes that the honors of the picture really belong to the other. This is no "act." It is the *realist* thing in all the world to them.

And what is the explanation, the Jolsons' secret? Just this: *"Romance doesn't end with marriage—why, it only begins at the altar."*

Al was dynamic as he spoke those words, and the emphasis he put on each word italicized every one of them.

● Then, under the warmth of Ruby's responsive smile, he went on, "You see, I fell in love with Ruby the very first time I met her. I had seen her on the New York stage in *Show Girl,* but we had to come to Los Angeles to meet.

"It was a June day in 1928 and I had gone to the station to meet Fannie Brice. Fannie whispered that she wanted to introduce a sweet little girl who came out on the train with her, and the next minute I was standing before Ruby. I knew at once that I [*Continued on page* 74]

The SIX MOST

By Mae West



Hollywood's most famous connoisseur of masculine appeal names 1935's most potent heart-throbs—and explains her selections

IF X marks the spot for romance, then Hollywood is the x-iest city in the world. Romantic men? There are more of them in the studio city than in any other place you can name. And each packs his own brand of dynamite, if you know what I mean . . .

Choosing the six I would throw the spotlight on first is a difficult job. And I am doing it purely from observation, you understand. Since I have been on the movie scene, I have not had time for any close study. Ahem!

Of course, one girl may go for a man in a big way, while the same type of man may be a complete flop to another—which is a real break for humanity in general. There would be some terrible hair-pullings if we all went for the same type of man!

Screen celebrities, as a rule, have several different angles of appeal, which is what makes them popular with the masses. And the more dangerously appealing they are, the more popular they are.

The man who was the one hundred percent thrill of the screen seemed to be the late Rudolph Valentino. Just as some women like tall men and some like men not so tall, Valentino was that in-between type and seemed to have all the other qualities rolled up into one.

Every woman could see something in him that she liked. You never heard anyone say, "I don't like Valentino." Whether it was his eyes, his nose, his mouth—or whatever it was—every woman had to like something about the man. He had too many assets for any woman to say that she did not like him at all. He was the most romantic man of all time.

● BUT I am picking the six men of the screen today who can do the most damage to feminine hearts.

Gary Cooper, for instance. Gary, I should say, is about as safe as a runaway truck-load of T.N.T.—to almost every type of woman. If his slow, appealing smile doesn't get you, his tenderness will. That's the catch. He suggests the kind of tenderness a woman craves, along with a neat mixture of Grade A steel.

ROMANTIC MEN

Risk No. 1 in any man! Combine it with six feet of good-looking masculinity—and you have trouble. Heart trouble.

There is no age limit to his appeal. Gary has a physical attraction, plus a woman-getting personality that makes him irresistible to the weaker sex. Maybe you have noticed. The younger ones go for that strong-man-of-the-silent-spaces air; and the older ones—well, when they see that bashfulness of his, they want to run their hands through his hair.

Fate did herself proud when she landed this Mr. Cooper on the rugged terrain of Montana, then sent him to England for a little finesse. It gave him a double pull—in a drawing-room and in the great outdoors.
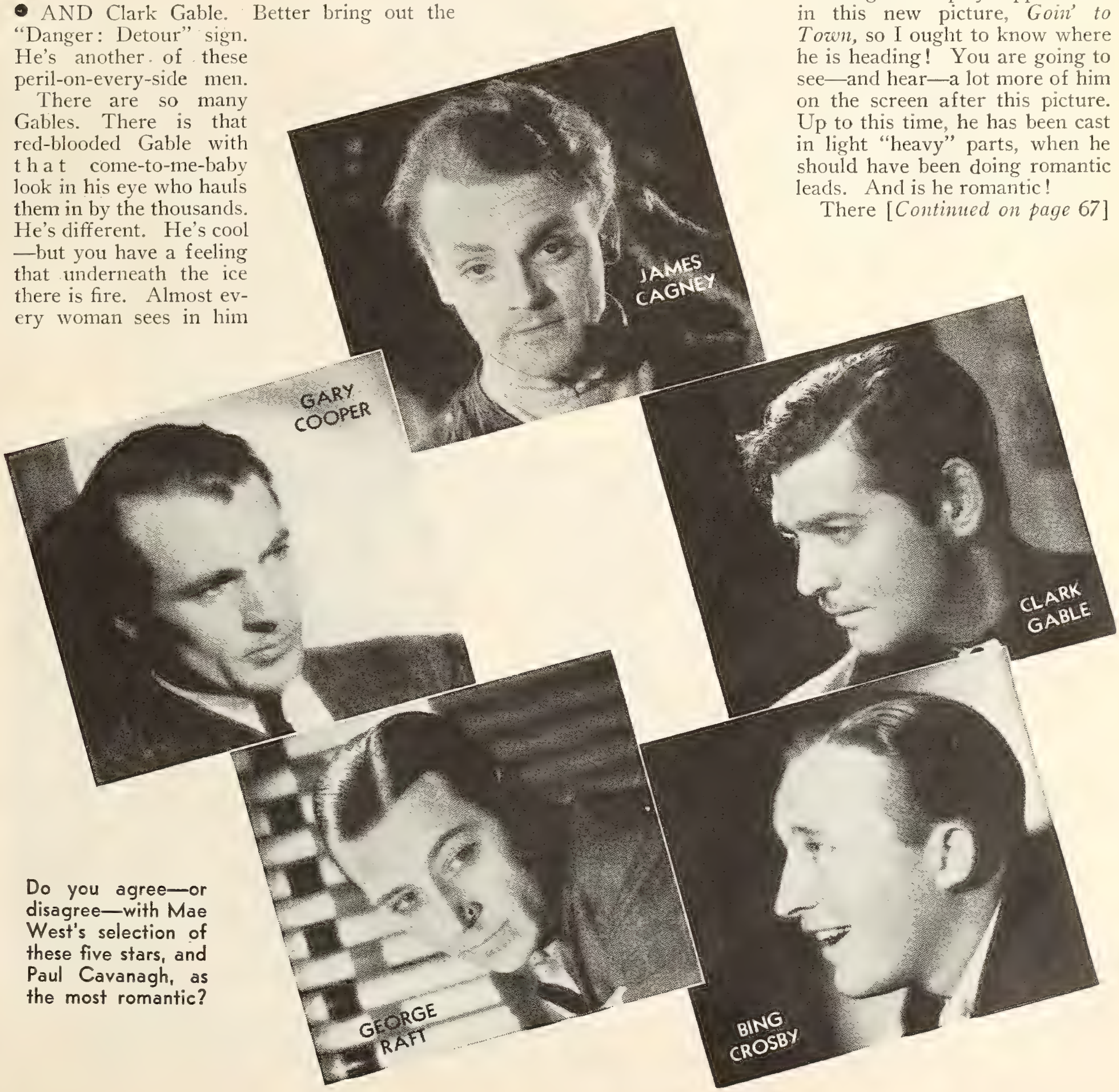
● AND Clark Gable. Better bring out the "Danger: Detour" sign. He's another of these peril-on-every-side men.

There are so many Gables. There is that red-blooded Gable with that come-to-me-baby look in his eye who hauls them in by the thousands. He's different. He's cool—but you have a feeling that underneath the ice there is fire. Almost every woman sees in him her secret lover. One will tell you, "Why, Mr. Gable just tries to put up a big bluff to hide that boyish shyness of his." And do women fall for that? They probably try to mother him right off the set.

Somebody else thinks he is "only a boy at heart" because he can still get down and shoot marbles with the youngsters and gets such a kick out of skeet-shooting. And another says that he is the most sophisticated man in Hollywood! I guess it must be Clark's unexpectedness that keeps the girls dizzy. You never know what he will do next. You never know *what* to expect of him.

● PERSONALLY, I think one of the most fascinating men in Hollywood is Paul Cavanagh. He plays opposite me in this new picture, *Goin' to Town,* so I ought to know where he is heading! You are going to see—and hear—a lot more of him on the screen after this picture. Up to this time, he has been cast in light "heavy" parts, when he should have been doing romantic leads. And is he romantic!

There [*Continued on page* 67]



Do you agree—or disagree—with Mae West's selection of these five stars, and Paul Cavanagh, as the most romantic?

Do Movies Influence the Paris Designers?

Molyneux, Lanvin, Worth, Lelong, Rochas, Patou—we asked them all. Their answers are illuminating. Films and stars do inspire them!

BY LAURA BLAYNEY

FOUR times a year, I sit in the salons of the most renowned fashion creators, to watch the most glorious mannequin parades in the world. And four times a year I emit audible and delighted "Oh's" and "Ah's." I ask myself: "Where do they get so many ideas? What feeds these vivid imaginations?"

The most pat answer is to be found in the words of a great writer: "I am a part of all I have known." And rightfully so, for any artist is a sensitive barometer of the times in which he lives, a sensitive reflector of what he sees and hears and feels.

But in the world of fashion, what are the forces so compelling and far-reaching that not just one stylist, but all stylists, feel them simultaneously?

The movies are one great force, I am sure. Time after time, seeing the new summer collections, I have found myself mentally classifying this dress as a *Little Women* frock, that as a gown inspired by *Miss Ba. (Miss Barrett,* to you!)

All right, then, call me movie-struck! To prove my point, I shall tell you a few things about the summer collections, then ask the couturiers, themselves.

• WHAT do I see? Everywhere, the billowy-skirted silhouette. What do I hear? The steady swish-swish of crisp taffetas and alpacas.

Wherefore all these feminine fripperies? Ruffled parasols . . . gold-handled glass fans or fans matching the dress . . . poke bonnets at Schiaparelli. Little ruffled tulle capes with hoods, and hoops in at least the trailly part of the skirt, at Mainbocher. Balloon sleeves at Rochas. Bows, ribbons, embroidery—everywhere.

Are we going forward or backward in our fashions?

Certainly, when Grandfather starts bragging about the "old-fashioned girl" this summer, you can shake your bewitching curls (you'll have them!) at him, and fan out your skirt a little more. You *know* those old wiles—from going to the movies.

Just to rub in my point about this movie-inspiration business, let's have a history review. Alexander Korda's brilliant *Private Life of Henry the VIIIth* took us back into a colorful, half-forgotten era. Did anyone thereafter start to see plumed hats on the modern scene? Yes, indeed. A few months later, Korda's *Catherine the Great* had its world première in Paris. The next season's collections started a parade of Russian tunics and Astrakhan Cossack hats, which continued all over the world last winter. Everyone remembers how Mae West revived the Gay Nineties vogue with *She Done Him Wrong. Little Women* started a cycle of costume pictures and "picture costumes."

Understand, I do not imply that the couturiers "lift" styles. Paris continues to be [*Continued on page* 58]



Meerson, Paris

Like American designers, French designers are now introducing their creations in films. Above, Marcel Rochas, Parisian couturier, gives Lili Damita a last "coup d'œil" before a scene for a French picture

Paris Presents



A coat of black faille and white grosgrain, carrying out the new motif of the full silhouette. Created by JEANNE LANVIN

A stately steel-gray taffeta evening dress, printed with silk carnations. The sash is pink satin. Designed by MOLYNEUX

Dorvyne, Paris



A formal purple tulle evening gown, with red velvet bows, a billowy skirt and no shoulder straps. Copyrighted by LUCIEN LELONG of Paris

H. E. Deutsch, Paris



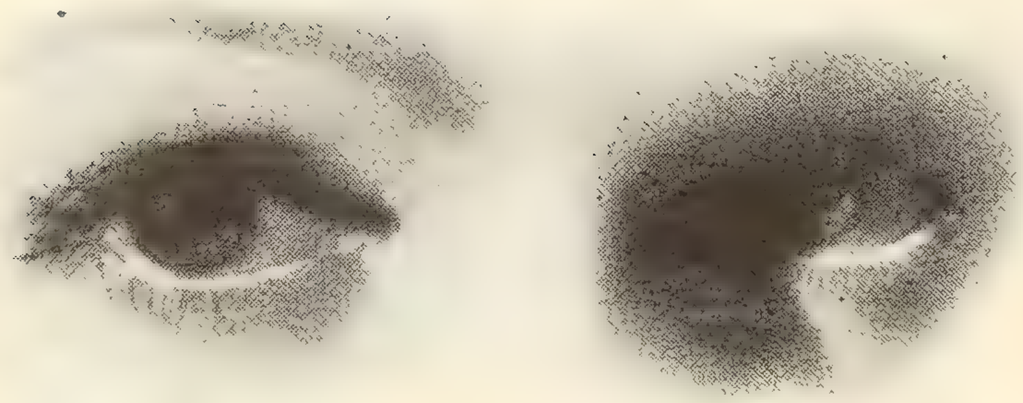
An evening gown in black organza, with printed flower bouquets cut out, appliqued and edged with ruffles. From JEAN PATOU

Luigi Diaz, Paris

(Models Registered, P.A.I.S.—Reproduction Forbidden)

The Story Behind JEAN PARKER'S Eyes





"THIS picture may do you a lot of good." A photographer made the remark to one of a group of eight girls in a Pasadena High School Glee Club. He was making a picture to publicize the Olympic Games held in Los Angeles two years ago.

The girl to whom the remark was made nearly fell off the float upon which she was posing.

"You mean *me?*" she asked.

The photographer looked at her with his seerlike eyes and said, "Yes, baby. Mr. Eastman, Junior, means you. Don't let 'em kid you—you may never get a break—but you've got something—I can't tell you what it is—neither can anyone else—you just stand out in the camera like a peaceful Irishman at a picnic."

The photographer "shot" the girls again, lit another cigarette, complained about the hard life of a photographer; then turned to the girl again, saying, "Now remember what young Eastman, without a dime, told you—but don't tell them people over in Hollywood I said it—they'd be hirin' me for a scout—and I'm just so happy luggin' this camera around, I'd be all broke up if I had to quit."

The girl watched him go away, whistling,

"Just tell 'em that you saw me,
And where you saw me last—
Just tell them I was looking well, you know—"

● THE photographer's name has been lost to fame. The girl was Jean Parker.

She has since tried to learn who the photographer was, or where he came from. There were so many photographers at the time that no one knows. He is as completely lost as an "extra" in a mob scene. But how right he was, the years have shown.

The girl's life had been one of heartache, struggle, and hard work.

Born to hard knocks, she had never been happy. Hers had always been the crust of the pie, and the core of the apple. She was always the girl who washed the supper dishes, the Cinderella looking for the Prince Charming who never appeared. Only her daydreams kept her from becoming too cynical.

Like all sensitive people who have suffered early, she became too old for her years. Her eyes were mirrors of sorrow.

● SHE was born in Deer Lodge, Montana. There may be those who say that the best thing about Deer Lodge is a departing train—but not Jean. She was not Jean Parker then, but Mae Green, and she early learned to love the wild and windy places.

She was not much more than a baby, as years are reckoned in the eternity of time, when her parents moved to Oregon with her little sister and herself.

Someone long ago said that when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window.

Jean's parents soon separated.

Her mother, untrained for work, moved with her woe-

by JIM TULLY

The famous author of "Beggars of Life" paints an unforgetable pen-picture of the girl with the haunting eyes who found fame as in a dream



"Like all sensitive people who have suffered early, she became too old for her years. Her eyes were mirrors of sorrow"

begone little girls to a small shack along the railroad; and though untrained, and a woman above the average in culture, she did all sorts of work for pitifully small pay.

When Jean was eight, she helped to make beds and run errands at a boarding-house. Her hands would be red and raw with the cold, and the tears would come to her eyes.

Truly Masefield said a heartful when he wrote:

"Lord, give to men who are old and rougher—
The things that little children suffer—
And let keep bright and undefiled
The young years of a little child."

● DURING the Winter months, when the cold was not too severe in the little home, Jean would try to paint small pictures. After long effort, she made enough money, she now proudly admits, "to buy underwear for my little sister."

The picture of this child going about a bleak town, selling her little daubs from door to door, is relieved only by the sheer kindness of the people who bought them.

After some years the family moved to Salt Lake City. Jean was happy at the thought until she learned that her little spaniel would have to be left behind. Poverty had not been sentimental. It made no provision for a little dog's journey.

Jean spent the last day with Buster. A neighbor had promised him "a good home." She watched him from the train window until he was lost to view, and then thought of him all the way to Salt Lake City.

They lived in a small white cottage with a paling fence around it. She went to school whenever possible and helped to earn whatever money she could in her spare time.

Then something happened to Jean. It was unlike all the stories ever written.

● HER mother married again. Jean found a great companion in her stepfather. He understood her. He encouraged her to continue trying to paint and to dance. His name—Henry Colvard—should be written here; for it is deeply etched on the hearts of three women—Jean, her mother and sister.

"He was like the Lincoln I read about," says Jean. "There was always a smile on [*Continued on page* 70]



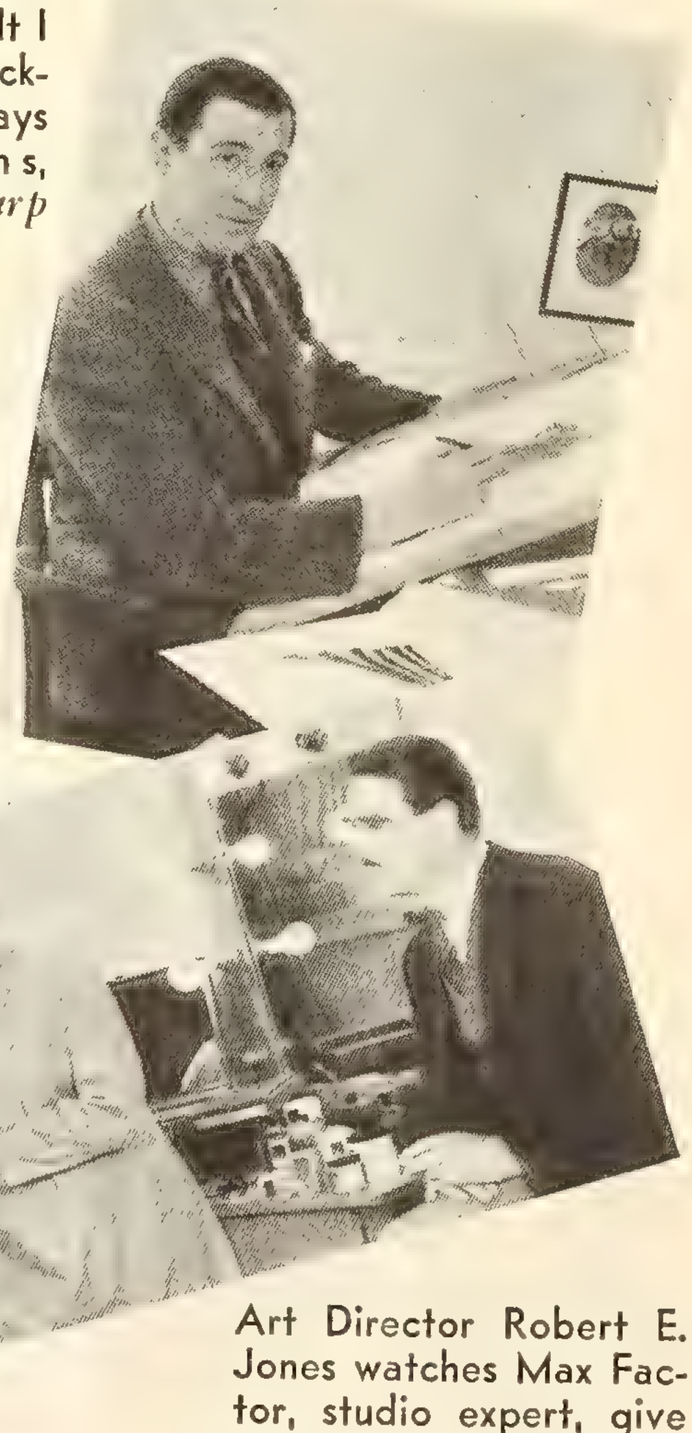
When her pet spaniel recently swallowed a threaded needle, Jean Parker also suffered. She saved its life thus—with a magnet

Now You'll Be Color-Conscious!

By J. Eugene Chrisman



"Color has given me something I never felt I possessed on the black-and-white screen," says Miriam Hopkins, star of *Becky Sharp*



Right, Bernard Newman of RKO, one of the famous Hollywood designers whose creations, in color, will influence women the world over

Art Director Robert E. Jones watches Max Factor, studio expert, give Frances Dee a new make-up for the color camera

You are about to see not only what color can do for screen stars—but what it can do for you!

ALMOST without warning, new color is coming into your life. Almost overnight, new beauty will be yours. The magic of the movies will bring them to you, will make them *yours*.

Tomorrow, films will no longer be drab gray shadows; they will be vivid paintings in natural color. In fact, the color revolution has already begun.

The first all-natural-color picture has just been completed—*Becky Sharp,* starring Miriam Hopkins and produced by John Hay Whitney, head of aptly-named Pioneer Pictures. In a few days—a few weeks, at the most—you will be seeing it. And, seeing it, you will find yourself living in a new, breath-taking world. You will be conscious of color—and the possibilities of color—as never before.

Because we do not live in a world of silence, talking pictures, with their accompanying sound effects, had to come. Because we do not live in a gray world, color films, glorifying all the hues of creation, had to come. And now they are here. After years of research and development, after earlier heart-breaking experiments, Herbert T. Kalmus and his wife, Natalie, inventors of Technicolor, have at last succeeded in transferring Nature's own tints to the screen. Their new color process is as great an improvement over previous efforts as today's talking pictures are over the first sound films.

● I SAT in a studio projection room with Director Rouben Mamoulian and watched one of the scenes he had made for *Becky Sharp*—based on Thackeray's famous novel, *Vanity Fair,* with a background of the colorful Napoleonic era. The scene was the gorgeous spectacle of the grand ball given in Brussels for the Duke of Wellington. (If you know your history, you remember that it was at that time that Napoleon escaped from exile, gathered his army together and met the Allies at Waterloo.) Suddenly, when all is gay, a rumble like thunder is heard. The music [*Continued on page* 73]

Ex-Tooter— NEXT STAR!



FRED MacMURRAY, filmdom's newest fame-finder, "got there"—believe it or not—by playing the saxophone

BY DONALD P. SHELDON

CLAUDETTE COLBERT was just beginning work on *The Gilded Lily*—and she had the jitters. Claudette had not yet won the award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as the "best actress" of 1934; and, while she did have several recent smash hits to her credit, she was badly worried about the picture she was then starting.

"They are making me carry it," she wailed, "with only two boys, both inexperienced on the screen, as leading men!"

But Claudette need not have worried, for one of those two inexperienced boys was none other than Fred MacMurray, who, as the indigent reporter who felt more romantic with his shoes off, turned out to be a young sensation. He played his part with the *élan* of a March and the virility of a Gable.

The movie-going public, appreciators of personality, began to call him "Fred No. 2"—the head of the house of Astaire being "Fred No. 1." The question began to arise: "Where has he been all these years?" Until now the tumult and the shouting have reached such proportions that an answer is in order.

• IF YOU happened into any one of a hundred night clubs, between Portland, Maine, and San Diego, California, during the past few years and heard the plaintive moan of a saxophone, it was no doubt Fred MacMurray who was torturing it. He is the only known sax player besides Rudy Vallée who ever survived to become a movie star.

The reasons for his taking to tooting in the first place remain obscure. His father, also named Fred, was a concert violinist. Accompanied by his wife, he was on a theatre tour twenty-seven summers ago, with the stork hovering near, which explains why young Fred was born in Kankakee, Illinois, on August 30, 1908. The MacMurrays were residents of Kankakee only a few weeks, which explains why Fred cannot claim it as his home town. But the reason for his growing up to be a saxophone specialist still defies explanation.

He thinks of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, as "the old home town," since that was where he attended grade school and high school, early becoming one of the-most-likely-to-succeed contingent by [*Continued on page* 71]



Front or side view, Fred MacMurray has the looks, the personality, and the alertness that have a way of inviting opportunities

WE'LL SHOW YOU

Movie Classic
Invites You
to See the West
and the
Whole Movie World
August 4–18

R.S.V.P.

BY JACK SMALLEY

NOW you can see Hollywood for yourself! Hollywood—the city dedicated to drama, romance, glamor, beauty. Hollywood—the one American city that influences the whole world. Hollywood—the one American city that the whole world would like to see.

Our big special train is waiting to take you there, to give you the most exciting two weeks' vacation you will ever have. A reservation is waiting for you—if you hurry. And, in Hollywood, MOVIE CLASSIC is waiting to welcome you personally, to entertain you royally, and to give you the insiders' outlook on the movie scene.

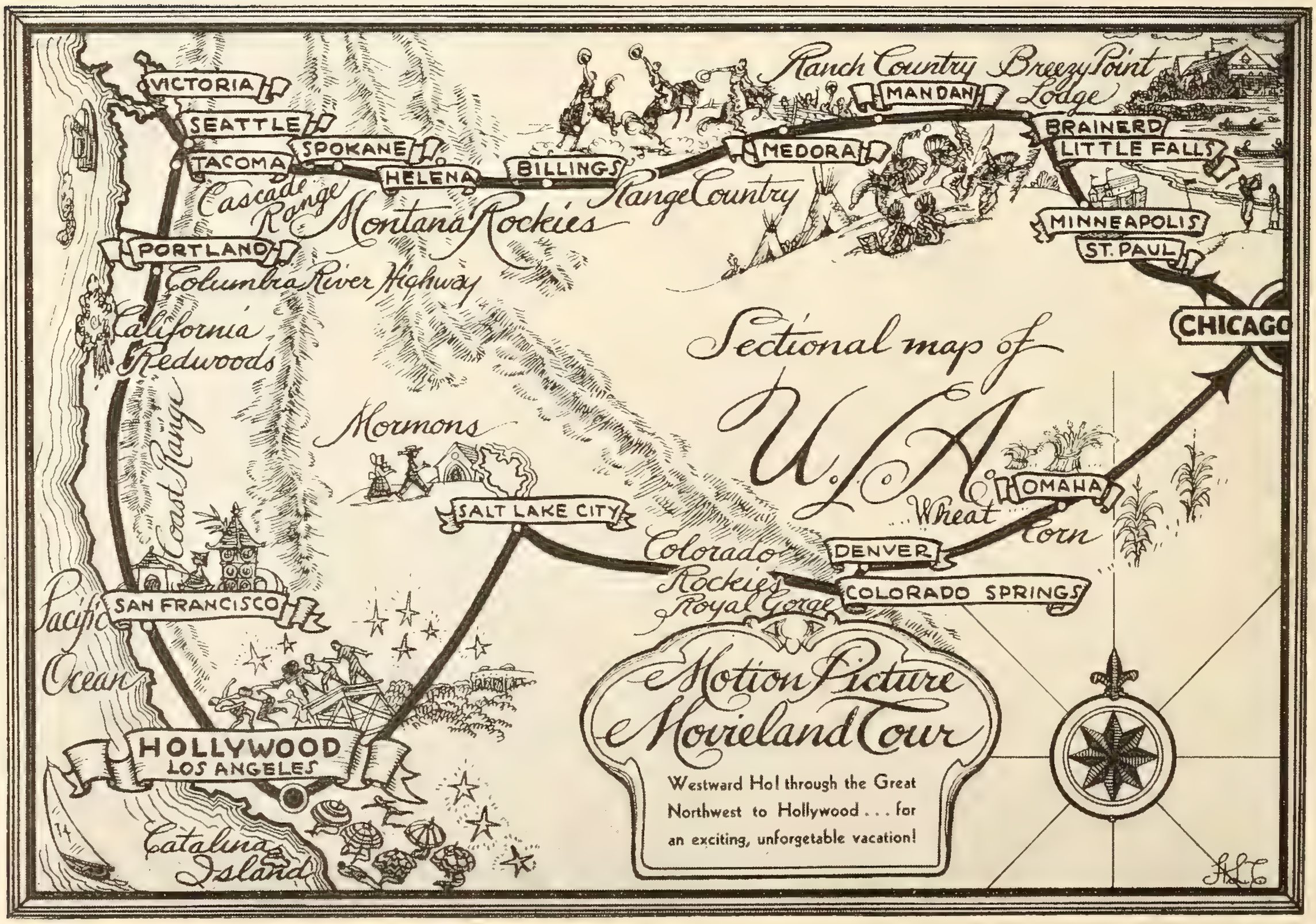
We'll show you what is behind the studio gates marked "No visitors." We'll show you a picture in the making. We'll introduce you to stars. We'll show you their homes—and take you to a party in a star's home. We'll show you the star's favorite recreation spots.

We'll show you, in short, why Hollywood is the ideal city for the making of movies, for working, playing, living.

Are you interested?

Then you will want more details! And here they are:

- LAST month, we told you how the party will begin, but we cannot resist the temptation to tell you again briefly, because en route you will also see sights that will thrill you, sights that you will never forget.



HOLLYWOOD!



We want you to meet such stars as Gloria Stuart, Henry Hull, June Clayworth



Boris Karloff—without make-up . . .



Elusive Margaret Sullavan . . .



Chester Morris—and others . . .

On the night of August 4, the Movieland Special will roll out of the Union Station in Chicago, bound for California by way of the scenic Northwest. The next morning you will be in St. Paul and Minneapolis, where there will be a brief stopover, to give you an opportunity to motor to the historic spots of the lake-studded Twin Cities, seeing, among other things, Lake Minnetonka and Minnehaha Falls, site of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*. Then on the Special will go, through the wooded lake country of Minnesota, to Brainerd—where you will detrain to spend the night at world-famous Breezy Point Lodge, "the Deauville of the North Woods."

Morning will find you heading west through the strange, fascinating Badlands of Dakota, through the Indian and cowboy country, across the majestic Rockies, to Seattle and the Pacific. After a boat trip to Vancouver Island, you will head south through Portland, past Mt. Baker (where *Call of the Wild* was filmed), and Mt. Shasta to colorful San Francisco and the Golden Gate. Then on to Hollywood!

By the time you arrive, you will be on speaking terms with every member of the party, and your enjoyment of everything you see will be doubled by having kindred souls to share your sensations. And before you leave, you will be acquainted with every spot in Hollywood worth knowing!

• WE intend to lose no time showing you what the inside of a studio is like. That is what you will see *first*—after freshening up at the Hotel Roosevelt, located in the heart of the city on famous Hollywood Boulevard. Carl Laemmle, Jr., will swing wide the gates of Universal Studios for our cavalcade of cars!

Universal Studios are located in Universal City—the only studio city in the world—five miles from Hollywood. They cover two hundred and thirty-five acres and within their boundaries more than two thousand pictures have been filmed in the twenty years of the studio's history. This is where the pioneer producer, Carl Laemmle, Sr., did his pioneering—and still is doing it, in fact.

This is the production site of such pictures as *Foolish Wives* (Von Stroheim's first great hit), *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* (which made Lon Chaney famous), *The Phantom of the Opera*, *Broadway*, *Show Boat*, *All Quiet on the Western Front*. [Continued on page 66]

Fashion Foreword

BY GWEN DEW


Coiffure by Dumas

The fashion story used to be told in one word: Paris. *Slowly, but surely, it was proved to really smart women that* New York *was producing equally as advanced styles. Then almost overnight the world began to realize that both of these places were definitely responding to the influence of* Hollywood, *and thus the triad became complete.*

New York now happily becomes the meeting ground between the two, taking the best from both, toning down some of the extremities that of necessity exist in Hollywood clothes, and adapting French styles to the tempo of American life. And thus it becomes our joyous duty to relate to you each month the glorious style parade that passes before us daily in the finest shops of all the world . . . those of New York.

SPRING into summer . . . and what a fascinating world of fashion we gaily enter! With a magnificent gesture of relief we throw away heavy, cumbersome clothes and drift into the fluttery things that spell romance to all truly feminine souls . . .

And being so lucky as to live in 1935, we can go to work in the most strictly tailored suits or attractive flowered prints, dine and dance in yards of chiffon, rustling taffeta or crisp net, and week-end in shorts, bathing suits, knitted things, and strictly sports outfits.

Suits have never played such a dominant rôle in wardrobes as in this year of grace. Tailored, semitailored and dressmaker suits all have their places. There are so many combinations to be made of them this year that you can have endless variety. Man-tailored suits are very smart, either tuxedo style or with a gathered back and belt. Striped skirts and plain coats, or vice versa, are very good, and other suits are worn with matching or complementary colored topcoats.

If you can, use fresh flowers for boutonnieres for your suit. A white carnation, a gardenia, or a bunch of violets gives your outfit an air of elegance nothing else can add. The artificial flowers this year are very natural-looking, and carnations are especially smart. There are white ones, and those so brilliantly red you think of the flash of a cardinal's wing.

Flat or decidedly lower-heeled shoes, are new to wear not only with suits, but with almost everything except the dinner and evening things. There's a new style pump with a little flap at the side to which your initial is affixed. This is to wear with tailored silk dresses. Hand-done initials are smart for your tailored blouses.

White pigskin hats, belts, bags, and gloves are being shown, and are very soft and supple, and easy to keep clean. A number of very wide belts are being worn, four, five and six inches in width.


Miss Maureen O'Sullivan smartly wears the classic man-tailored suit

SINCE hats are the first to change the stream of fashion, you have to watch them carefully, for they can betray your lack of fashion sense before all other things. They are much easier to wear than usual, and are flattering and youthful. Regency bonnets are piquant and go beautifully with summer dresses. Brims have taken a dramatic forward movement, and many turn up sharply on both sides.

Of course, this gallant plunge-ahead fashion of brims demands new coiffures, as that forward jot simply reveals everything in the way of hair and neck in back. Dumas, one of New York's smartest hairdressers, has evolved a very chic style to wear with summer hats. It is plain and swirled to one side in back, and waved from the widow's peak in utter smoothness, with curls spiraling upward on the sides.

PRINTS are excellent for afternoon events, and usually have a dark background with brilliant and delightfully gay flowers scattered upon them. Very often a coat is worn [*Continued on page* 75]

Classic's FASHION PARADE

A glamorous gown . . . a glamorous young movie modern . . . and a fashion parade begins. . . . The model in this instance is lovely Virginia Bruce; and the line of march is toward a revival of tulle ruffles and silk flowers . . . and ultra-femininity

—Portrait by Stephen McNulty





Here Comes the

An Exclusive *Classic* Feature

With an all-star cast, we proudly present a Dress Rehearsal for a Wedding —June, 1935

***by* VIRGINIA LANE**

AND the groom? Just to let you in on a secret, we had offers from eleven of Hollywood's most eligible males for the job when they learned that Mary Brian was to play the bride in CLASSIC's *Dress Rehearsal for a Wedding!* Maybe they thought that the power of suggestion—all the orange blossoms and lace and flowers—would give Mary ideas. You know, about taking on the "Mrs." prefix.

Well, Mary *has* ideas. She has her wedding all planned —if she can just decide on the groom. And we are lucky enough to get a preview of what the event will be like.

"First of all," says that bewitching Brian girl, "I want it



Bride!

picturesque. I want it something to be remembered. . . ."

And this is the June to be a memorable bride. Never has old Dame Fashion gone so deeply into her bag of tricks to make a bride beautiful. Never have the gowns been more graceful or lent themselves more to that exalted, mystical mood that begins with the Mendelssohn march.

The gown that Mary selected to pose in, for instance. Can you imagine anything lovelier than crisp white silk moire, softened by a swirl of tulle? Not only is it very new, the last word in wedding chic; but it does things for the bride that scarcely any other material will do. Especially, if she is under the spell of flatteringly feminine Period dresses.

The Bride
MARY BRIAN
Maid of Honor
SALLY BLANE
Bridesmaids
MARIAN NIXON
JOAN MARSH
Flower Girl
CORA SUE COLLINS

This one has long, tight sleeves with points over the wrist that flatter any hand, and the bodice is pointed where it joins the skirt, both front and back. Very medieval-ish, with all of nine yards of material in the skirt and train. But what Mary likes best is the stately simplicity of the whole costume. The only trimming is that wide border of white velvet violets around the square neck. The violets also form a bandeau to hold the veil in place.

If you are budgeting your trousseau, it is never wise to spend the largest amount on the wedding dress. After all, it is a one-occasion gown and you don't want to tie up a lot of money that way. But this one can be duplicated easily at comparatively little cost, and it highlights two of the latest style notes—*flower trimming and an astoundingly full skirt.*

These days, you cannot do anything more modish than to dress your attendants in white, too. And white organza is such a fairy-like fabric that it makes the gawkiest of bridesmaids graceful. On girls as dainty and charming as Marian Nixon and Joan Marsh, it is divine! Their gowns, also are in Period style, of course. Ruffles of the organza form the sleeves, the neck and the edging on the sweeping skirts. The amusing note is the demureness in front—and the sophistication in back. (The gowns are practically backless!) Along with those "poke" bonnets of organza, the effect is lyrical.

Sally Blane, as maid of honor, wears a simple shirtmaker frock of white organza, but goes in for a devastating green picture hat. The color accents to the party are supplied by that hat and the green gardenias on Sally's collar, the green moire ribbon on the bridesmaids, and the soft candy pink of little Cora Sue Collins' dress. As flower girl, she is adorable in pleated silk with a small cape collar.

Trousseaus have been the cause of many a wrinkle. What to get. . . . What is suitable . . . how to juggle the costs. . . .

"Suits are *the* thing this Spring, so I am going to spend more in getting a good one. I'll probably live in it more than in anything else," Mary announced as we stepped into I. Magnin's shop. Which goes to prove that the little Brian girl not only has beauty. She has brains. And she used them to excellent advantage in getting together a wardrobe that would start the Summer off *right* for any young woman.

And Here's Mary's Trousseau!

Mary Brian, still playing the rôle of the June, 1935 bride, gives a preview of the smart bridal wardrobe



The bride goes away in a smart gray tweed, with brown accessory touches —even to the alligator luggage



Bridal negligees should be extra-special. This one is. It is of organza striped in several delicate greens

Her "going-away" suit, for example. What did Mary pick but one of those light gray monotone tweeds trimmed with Russian lynx! *Gray, along with navy and black, leads the field for daytime, you know, just as pastels and black do for night.* To emphasize the suit, she chose brown accessories—brown and white sport pumps, a brown leather envelope bag with a tiny watch set in the middle of it and a hat with a bold, brown ribbon on it.

Shirtwaists have gone elegantly feminine—without the frills. The one Mary selected was an exquisite French batiste blouse that softened the suit and said all kinds of nice things about the wearer—that she had taste and would never go severely masculine on a husband!

And what man wouldn't like to come home to find his wife in a romantic hostess gown? Not too much on the cream-puff and fluff style, of course, but cool-looking and dainty. Mary's gown is of organza, striped in various shades of green. Notice those full, bunched sleeves and take heed—for you will be seeing more of them a little later on. The slip is matelasse crêpe of that glorious chartreuse color and the sash is a darker green.

Knit—knit—knit . . . it is the Hollywood pastime—and the world's for that matter. So, naturally, Mary got one of those super-smart three-piece costumes knitted in a white bouclé. The coat is just a plain, finger-tip-length model and the *dash* about the suit is supplied by novel red buttons and a red polka-dotted silk scarf. If you are clever with the needles, why not knit yourself one like it? Any store that sells yarn will furnish you with a similar pattern and tell you where to get it properly blocked, once it is finished.

And if you want to do the [*Continued on page 72*]



White is always the best choice for Summer sports. This is one of those clever three-piece hand-knit models with red buttons and a miniature polka-dotted bandana for an unusual scarf





A suit any girl would like to check into her wardrobe is this Dorchester homespun, with hand-knit blouse, coat lapels and hat to match. (Here is a brand-new idea for clever knitters!)

A flowered chiffon is indispensable — and can be irresistible. Mary's (above) is of begonia shades—and the trailing scarf sash is a fashion forecast. When she doffs the jacket (right), she has a formal dress



GOWNS BY COURTESY OF I. MAGNIN

Photographs by Rhodes



Above: all white two-piece "Baby Pants" by Catalina, worn by Ethelreda Leopold, Warner Brothers' player



Left: Anne Darling, Universal starlet, favors this Jantzen suit with its perky ribbon ties



Victoria Vinton of Warners likes the Catalina suit with Roman-stripe belt and smart lacings

Hollywood Turns the TIDE of Fashion

Even in swim suits, the movie maidens set the styles. And when shapelier suits are made, Hollywood will sponsor them!

Right: Martha Merrill of Warners wears the Catalina ribbed suit with uplift brassiere effect





Orry-Kelly, Warner designer, also finc time to style swim suits for Catalin



Toby Wing of Paramount wears a maillot model with a skirt front —a clever, popular Gantner suit



Right: Maxine Doyle of Warners votes for a two-piece Catalina model with tie neck, checked top, sun back and smart shorts

Completely Suited!



You must be suited this season...and Claire Trevor has an answer to your problem...an ensemble designed by René Hubert, Fox stylist, for "Spring Tonic"...

This clever four-piece suit was created of powder-blue lightweight wool and angora, striped in blue, white and rose. The skirt has this season's flared bottom. A form-fitting sleeveless coat completes the costume

—*Photos by Mack Elliott*





Blue suède shoes with grosgrain bows match the blue felt hat. The bag is white

Knit Your Own as a prelude to summer smartness!



Courtesy of Fleisher Yarns

Hand-knitted things are all the vogue, so we have selected this dress as one of the season's smartest for you to knit. We chose it because it is a jiffy-knit, because its cost is less than five dollars, and because it is extremely becoming and chic. Reason enough!

Special!

We have instructions for making this dress in the standard knitwear size (16), which you may obtain by sending ten cents in a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Knitting Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC—mailing your request to our centrally located Minneapolis office, 529 S. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.



Ida Lupino tests self-made blends of light and dark powder for summer make-up



Being fair, Ida Lupino does not suntan—but uses brighter lipstick in summer

"Lessons in

Can you face the summer sun—and

By Nell Vinick

"New York's Favorite Beauty Adviser"

IT SEEMS only yesterday that I was telling you how to save your skin from the drying, scaly effect of cold weather—and here we are on the verge of the great Vacation Season. New scenes, new people, so many thrilling possibilities are in the offing that it behooves every girl to put her best foot forward—and her best face . . .

And I mean just that. Your face *and* your feet must be at their best—what with bathing sandals, or no sandals at all, exposing every one of your ten little toes, which must be pedicured and the nails tinted as carefully as the nails on your ten little fingers—and must match them. I am sure that you are beauty-wise to the fact that your fingernail and foot-nail polish must match, must come out of the same bottle . . .

We seem to have started from the ground up. I meant to begin by taking a look at your new spring permanent. How did it turn out? I hope you took the advice I gave you last month, both about preparations for a permanent and follow-up treatments. If you did, your hairdress should not be one of your worries now.

But, this being the height of the freckling season, perhaps you *are* worried about your one-and-only face.

Then let me remind you again that, if you are the freckling type, you *will* freckle unless you make it your business to protect your skin against sun and wind . . .

• MANY women have learned a bitter lesson in trying to get rid of freckles. Freckles cannot be removed or eradicated. Freckles are a clotting together of the pigment (coloring matter) in the system. Freckles are *in* your skin, and anything that would actually eradicate them would injure your skin, shrivel it up.

You *can* make freckles much less noticeable—but I cannot understand why you girls who have freckles are so worried about them. Many of the most glamorous motion picture stars have them. Carole Lombard has the most fetching freckles across the nose and under the eyes. Joan Crawford has freckles. So has Katharine Hepburn.

If they had spent as much time fretting about freckles as many of you do, they probably wouldn't have had time to develop into stars Not one of the famous screen stars would dream of doing anything to get rid of freckles because they cleverly recognize that freckles are a very fascinating complement of *their* type. If *you* are the freckling type, I hope these "words to the wise" will be sufficient.

Do you suppose the movie stars were born with better complexions than you were? Nonsense! You were born with a perfect skin. Your complexion is how your skin looks from time to time—how you,yourself, *make* it look.



In summer, too, Frances Drake uses hand lotion. Her hands are never rough!

Frances Drake prevents "straggling summer hair" by a thorough daily combing



Loveliness" (Reg.)

still look your best? Here's how!

And making your complexion look so lovely that every man wants to keep right on looking at you depends on more than make-up.

● OH, yes, make-up is the quickest help to bring out the lure and sparkle and expression of the eyes, a lovelier curve to your lips, a softer glow to the skin, if Nature was stingy about it. But—and it's a big "but"—make-up cannot save you from having ugly open pores. Rouge and lipstick and face powder cannot save you from having blackheads. Eyeshadow and mascara cannot save you from those ugly, aging squint-lines around the eyes . . .

So, before we discuss warm weather make-up, I would like to give you directions for a daily or bedtime facial, just as the screen stars do it. A few minutes a day, every day, of this facial with really *good* preparations will do you more good—will give you a clearer, smoother, lovelier complexion—than the most expensive beauty-shop facial every week. These are the directions:

How to Give Yourself a Facial

First—Apply gently, with your fingertips, a thin, liquefying cleansing cream all over your face and neck. Wipe off gently.

Next—Apply soap and water, using lukewarm (not hot) water, rinsing with cold water. Wash face with palms of hands. Don't rub or scrub.

Then—Use a mild skin tonic (not astringent, but a *mild* skin tonic) on a pad of cotton that has been squeezed out in cold water.

Last—Pat nourishing cream (not cold cream) all over your face and neck if the skin is dry. For oily skins, use the nourishing cream only on neck and around the eyes.

Or—You can use soap and water and skin tonic in the morning. If you can take time for the entire facial every night, that's fine. But the two things you must never skip are cleansing cream and nourishing cream, so your skin will have the benefit of the youthifying cream while you sleep. [*Continued on page* 80]

IN ADDITION to these "Lessons in Loveliness"* in MOVIE CLASSIC, you will find other "Lessons in Loveliness"* by Nell Vinick featured on the following radio stations, with Miss Vinick, in person, telling you simple, effective ways of solving your beauty problems:

WOR, New York—8:15 a.m., Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays; also 11 a.m., Mondays and Thursdays

WMAL, Washington, D.C.—8:15 a.m., Thursdays and Fridays

WHK, Cleveland—10:30 a.m., Tuesdays and Thursdays

WBAL, Baltimore—11 a.m., Mondays and Wednesdays

***Title registered.**

DRESS YOUR HOUSE



It's easy to bring summer inside, as Sylvia Sidney does—with slip covers as flowery and gay as her wallpaper, ruffled organdy curtains and some organdy touches on her dressing-table

Unexpected and inexpensive are these tips from film stars about how to make the interior of *your* home as bright as a day in June

BY MARIANNE MERCER

IT'S so easy to make the summer gay—*right at home!* It's so easy to change your mind about wanting to "get away from it all," if you just change the dress of your house . . . And how the family will love it! It is like finding an old friend in a new, exciting mood to walk in and see the familiar rooms all decked out for hot weather.

But how to go about it—inexpensively? . . . Believe it or not—I have found clues in an unexpected sector, namely, in Hollywood, where life has a reputation of being luxurious and where homes have a reputation of being planned by decorators, not their owners.

Sylvia Sidney was the one who gave me the first inkling that movie stars, even as you and I, like to be domestically inventive—and, moreover, can be, with "a needle and thread and a little imagination" (to use her own words).

Now, I must confess that I never thought of the dramatic Sylvia as being particularly domestic. Not until that day when I found her on the floor of her home, surrounded by a sea of chintz!

"I," she announced calmly, snapping off a final thread, "am putting a summer frock on my house. See that dark, upholstered chair over there? It looked cozy in January, but now—ugh! So just watch me while I do the *presto-chango* act." And on went a bright, fresh slip cover. . . .

By the time she had put them on the couch and other chairs, the inside of the house was pretty much in tune with the world outside—flowery and gay and lovely. Gone was the last sign of dark, winter warmth. The chintz felt cool to the touch. It *looked* cool, like a garden in full bloom. And I thought again what a blessed bit of magic slip covers are!

You can get them priced to fit every pocketbook. Some are tailored, some are flounced. If your wallpaper or rug has an all-over pattern, it's a good plan to use plain slip covers, especially those that look like crisp moire. On one of her chairs, however, Sylvia has made effective use of chintz covering with the same figure as her wallpaper!

• Mary Pickford has another clever idea. The side curtains on the windows of her upstairs sitting room are fashioned of the identical chintz that covers a settee and two chairs. It gives a smart air of continuity to the sitting room. And it is balanced by two love-seats of *unfigured* material. She has a green fernery between the windows to add a restful note—which is just like Mary, isn't it?

But let me tell you what that dashing young French girl, Claudette Colbert, does. She needs a "toned-down" background—and knows it. So the slip covers on her living room chairs are *soft yellow trimmed with gray.* They are of corduroy and they strike the color note of the entire room.

To go back to Sylvia's house, with its early American quaintness . . . Those ruffled organdy curtains she has in most of the rooms are a joy. After the long siege of heavy drapes and stuffy valances, they are as light and cheery as a June morning. And here is a secret: You can duplicate that cunning dressing-table of hers for very, very small cost!

All it takes is a little ingenuity. For next to nothing you can pick up a small table; also, a mirror to use for the top. Then drape it with the organdy to match your curtains as Sylvia did. The best way is to put the organdy on regular, small curtain rods, which are attached to the table. You can easily hide the joinings with bright bows of ribbon if you wish.

And those lamps—aren't they cute? The glass bases happen to be antiques. But I saw some in a department store that are pretty good substitutes for them. The organdy shades you could make yourself, of course. If you haven't time or you like your present shade too well to change it, then here is another idea. You know how dusty silk lamp shades get in summer with the house wide open as it always is? Well, the way to get around *that* is to acquire some of those brand-new and inexpen-

FOR SUMMER!

sive (yes, and logical) transparent covers for lampshades! Why didn't someone think of them before?

●Fireplaces, when you are staggering under a heat wave, have a deadly look. I mentioned them to Billie Burke—who has dozens of dainty household tricks up that charming sleeve of hers.

"Personally," she told me, "I wish there was a way you could take fireplaces off, as you do storm doors, when it turns warm. But, of course, on coolish mornings they do come in handy, so you don't want them blocked too much. I use a light-colored French screen in front of mine and put low tables on either side with the largest bowls of flowers I can find. That helps!"

Without much trouble you can make your own screen, too. The wooden or wallboard frame for it can be bought for around $1.50. Then get a strip of wallpaper, preferably with a medallion pattern because it works out better, and paste it on so that the screen resembles Miss Burke's. Brass nails studding it at the edge are extremely good if you care to add them.



Why not go halfway to meet summer—and picnic in your own backyard, in the Karen Morley manner? A long wooden table, with wooden benches, is conducive to "the simple life"!

Claudette Colbert has a sunny living room (below). The slip covers are soft yellow



How to forget the fireplace? Billie Burke's hearth has a painted screen . . .

●Adrienne Ames makes excellent use of one of those new card tables that do double duty as a fire screen. Hers is a lovely cream color and it hides the hearth with what the Chinese would call a "velly good front!"

The fireplace has a companion in crime—it's a crime for *anything* to look hot in summer!—in the steam radiator. I used to glower at mine until I wore a ridge between my eyebrows. But no more. Not since Adrienne gave me that super-elegant tip If the radiator is low in front of a window, it can be camouflaged wonderfully with wallboard. Paint it to match the woodwork; place it around the eye-offender and cushion it amply on top. Behold! You have an inviting window seat.

But if the radiator is high, you might "box" it with chintz to blend with your curtains. To disguise it further, make a little book shelf of the wall board to perch on top.

And don't forget the ivy on the mantel or in wall-brackets! It was Mae West who suggested that. Once she asked the world to "come up and see her sometime" and it wouldn't be a bad idea if the world did—to learn Mae's clever method of using ivy and tall mirrors! She does it better than anyone else in Hollywood, I think. There is nothing like sprays of green ivy and lovely-looking, inviting glasses [*Continued on page* 81]

WHAT TO SERVE AT THE WEDDING PARTY



By Ginger Rogers

. . . who is so newly married that she still ranks as a bride—and who tells not only what to serve, but how and where to serve it

I SUPPOSE every girl has a hundred qualms about what to serve at her wedding party. I know I did, before my own—not only about what was best to serve, but where to serve it, and how. . . .

Finally, in sheer desperation, I went into conference with myself. "Now see here, Ginger," I said firmly, "be sensible about this. You're being married at five-thirty in the afternoon. You want a reception afterwards at a hotel. An informal one. The thing to do is find out the food arrangements in such cases."

And this is what I found out:

The simplest way is to have everything served from one long table. If you are having the reception at home, pull out the regular table to its full length. Where there is no "sit-down" bridal table, the wedding cake is usually put in the center of the long table.

That's the way mine was. It was a three-tiered cake that the Samson Sisters, caterers extraordinary in Hollywood, made for me, and they decorated it elaborately with hearts and the initials of Lew Ayres and myself. It seems that the bride's and groom's initials are supposed to be entwined wherever possible. They even put the "A." and "R." on some of the canapés and wedding mints!

● For a super-delicious wedding cake that serves about thirty people, the Samson Sisters have given me one of their prize recipes. Here it is:

Wedding Cake

1½ cups shortening
4½ cups sugar
1 teaspoon lemon extract
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 cups milk
6 cups flour
6 teaspoons baking powder
Whites of 15 eggs

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, beating in well. Add flavoring and beat until smooth. Sift flour and baking powder together three times. Add the flour, then milk, a little at a time. Beat whites of eggs until very light and add to batter, folding in very lightly *without* beating.

Bake in greased and floured baking tins of graduated size, according to the number of tiers desired for finished cake. (For example: Two 12-inch layer tins, one 8-inch, one 4-inch.) Do not fill any tin more than halfway.

When layers are cool, fill between layers with rum filling. This is the recipe:

Rum Filling

1 egg
⅛ lb. butter
⅛ lb. shortening
1¼ cups confectioners' sugar
1 teaspoon rum flavoring (or any flavoring desired)

[*Continued on page 76*]



Thrilling Words— but nobody says them to the girl who has COSMETIC SKIN . . .

IT'S WONDERFUL to *win* love—even more wonderful to *hold* it! So don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin steal away your good looks. It is when stale make-up is left to *choke the pores* that the warning signals of this modern complexion trouble appear—tiny blemishes, dullness, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to *protect* your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule:

Use this gentle soap before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night. Remember, 9 out of 10 lovely Hollywood stars use Lux Toilet Soap!



RUBY KEELER

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS "GO INTO YOUR DANCE"



LIKE SO MANY GIRLS I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT THANKS TO **LUX TOILET SOAP** I'LL NEVER HAVE COSMETIC SKIN



....UNTIL you see the surface skin blemishes she has tried to cover up

DO YOU have those occasional little pimples that come sometimes from a temporary internal disorder, or perhaps from clogged, sluggish pores? You probably do—almost every woman suffers this embarrassment now and then.

Don't try to cover up these surface defects with cosmetics, which won't really conceal—*get rid of them instead.* You can clear them up so easily and quickly by giving nature a little external aid with Resinol Ointment and Soap, to hasten the healing process.

It is refreshing to breathe the tonic-like fragrance of Resinol Soap and to feel its light foamy lather cleansing and stimulating your skin as you gently work it into the pores. It rinses easily, too, and leaves the skin ready for the soothing medication of Resinol Ointment. This special medication relieves the soreness and redness and helps to quickly heal pimply spots. Made from a doctor's formula, it is safe for the most sensitive skin and it does not smart or sting.

All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Soap. Supply yourself today—use them freely as directed and you will be delighted with the improvement in your skin. For free sample of each, write Resinol, Dept. 9-B, Baltimore, Md.



Do Movies Influence the Paris Designers?

[*Continued from page* 34]

the ultimate fashion dictator of the world. But don't the movies recall the charms of bygone epochs, the forgotten elements of a many-faceted femininity—inspiring modern adaptation?

WHO could be more suitable to consult first than Captain Molyneux, the cream of the cream in couture, creator of Princess Marina's wedding clothes and the frocks for the Paris stage version of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*—frocks that are the talk of Paris?

"Certainly, one is often inspired by the theatre," he said. "Then one would be still more inspired by the cinema, wouldn't he? My mind is always open to any idea. Working with the costumes for this play, for example, helped me toward these new skirts."

Next, to get a woman's point of view, I went to see Jeanne Lanvin.

"To answer your question," she told me, "we must first consider exactly what *is* fashion. I would define it as the collaboration between the couturier and the woman for whom she is designing.

"Logically, then, the real influence of motion pictures on the Parisian couturier is the motion picture star. And this is gigantic, in that it furnishes us with new types of beauty constantly.

"Yes, films have given a new muse to the art called fashion. She is the Hollywood beauty, most superb interpreter of the mode of today."

Jean Charles Worth, of the Rue de la Paix, said to me:

"If 'the movies,' as you call them, influence stylists, I would give the credit to the stars and the way they wear their clothes."

"Then, think of *Miss Ba* and look at all those full skirts. How would you explain that?"

"It's in the air. *Miss Ba* appeared at a time when a general feeling for femininity was beginning to express itself."

LUCIEN LELONG, the Grand Couturier, feels much the same way.

"We all take inspiration from the same sources," he told me. "We, the couturiers, can no longer live without the cinema, any more than the cinema can live without us. We corroborate each other's instinct."

M. Lelong sees a new type of woman on the modern scene—"alive, alert, informed, romantic, beautifully groomed." And, he adds, "This new woman is now effectively on the screen. How can she help influencing us?"

Marcel Rochas, exciting new lord of fashion creation, told me:

"In *Little Women,* Katharine Hepburn was so charming in those old-fashioned clothes that her charm naturally drew our eye to them as well. So pleasing were they, and so apropos, at a time when everyone was feeling the need for something 'new,' that these types of clothes offered the solution.

"Let me add here that the movies have greatly influenced me in developing a new type of mannequin, so exquisite are the stars, and the manner in which they carry their clothes. I have types resembling such favorites as Marlene Dietrich, Kay Francis, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and Sylvia Sidney.

Jean Patou finds this feeling for femininity is in the air, too, and finds it best expressed in the Parisian Haute Couture, and beautifully pictured by the stars.

The same thing that you feel when you see your favorite movie star and decide to adopt her style is influencing the Parisian dictators of fashion. So be true to your feminine hunches and "go" Hepburn or Dietrich, if it suits you. You won't be out of style.



Paris designers admit that Katharine Hepburn in Little Women had a wide influence on styles. In Break of Hearts, she will help to popularize the new, full skirts—which Hollywood, as well as Paris, is sponsoring. This hostess gown in two shades of green was designed by Bernard Newman

Mrs. Kendall Lee Glaenzer *member of the immortal Lee family of Virginia . . . noted for her beauty and talent—her reputation as a hostess in Paris and New York. Adores music. Has many friends among modern composers. Loves the outdoors and has a shooting box in the Adirondacks. Her sister is married to Rockwell Kent, famous artist.*

ALL HERS . . .

The appointments of luxurious living—yet the beautiful Mrs. Glaenzer pays only 25¢ for her tooth paste

Certainly no mere price could be a factor in this charming woman's choice of Listerine Tooth Paste. She likes it and uses it for what it does. The quick, thorough way it cleans; the brilliant lustre it imparts to teeth.

"It gives my mouth a new-born feeling," said Mrs. Glaenzer in her lovely New York apartment, "and gives me a sense of well-being."

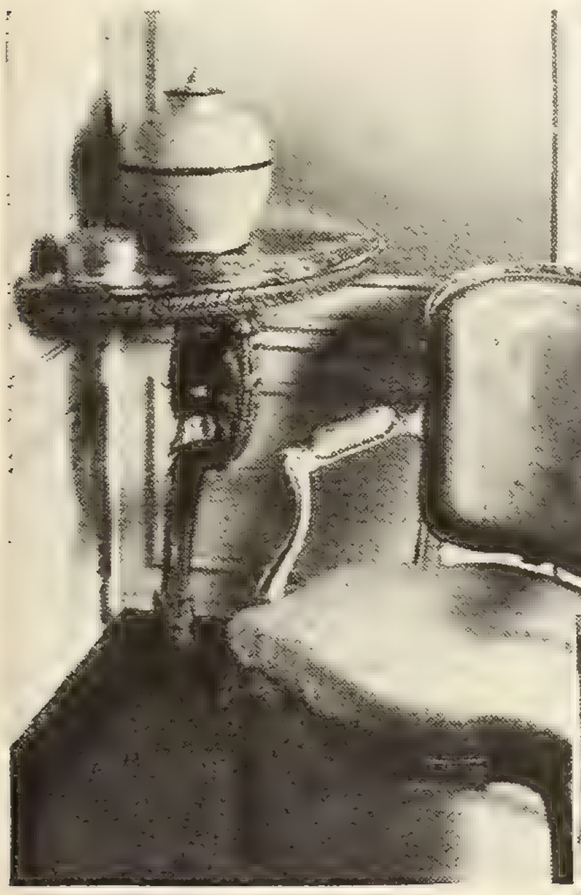
Literally thousands of men and women who can afford to pay any price for a tooth paste, have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste and stick to it. More than two million women and a million men are using this beauty and health aid made by the makers of famed Listerine.

If you have not tried it, do so now. See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price. In two sizes: Regular Large, 25¢ and Double Size, 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

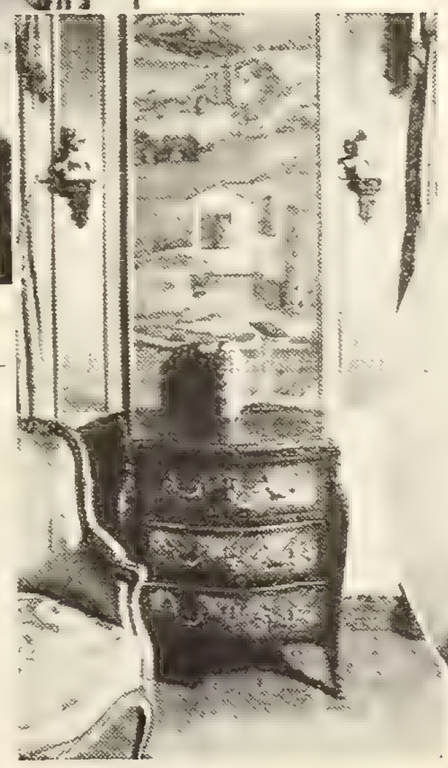
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TOOTH PASTE



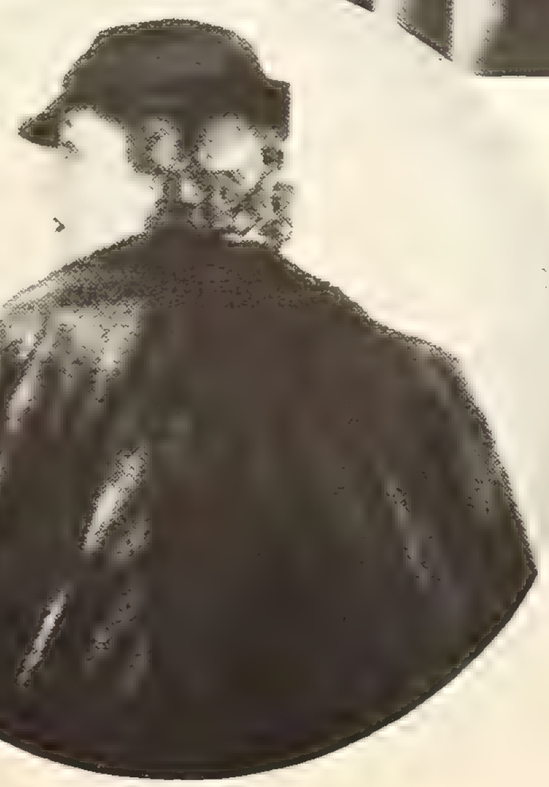


Corner console of the Louis XVI Period in Mrs. Glaenzer's apartment. Also Chinese crackle glaze porcelain jar from the Ming dynasty.

Rare Louis XV French commode. Behind it a rich Ming Period Chinese painting on silk, together with porcelain vase of the Chien Lung Period.

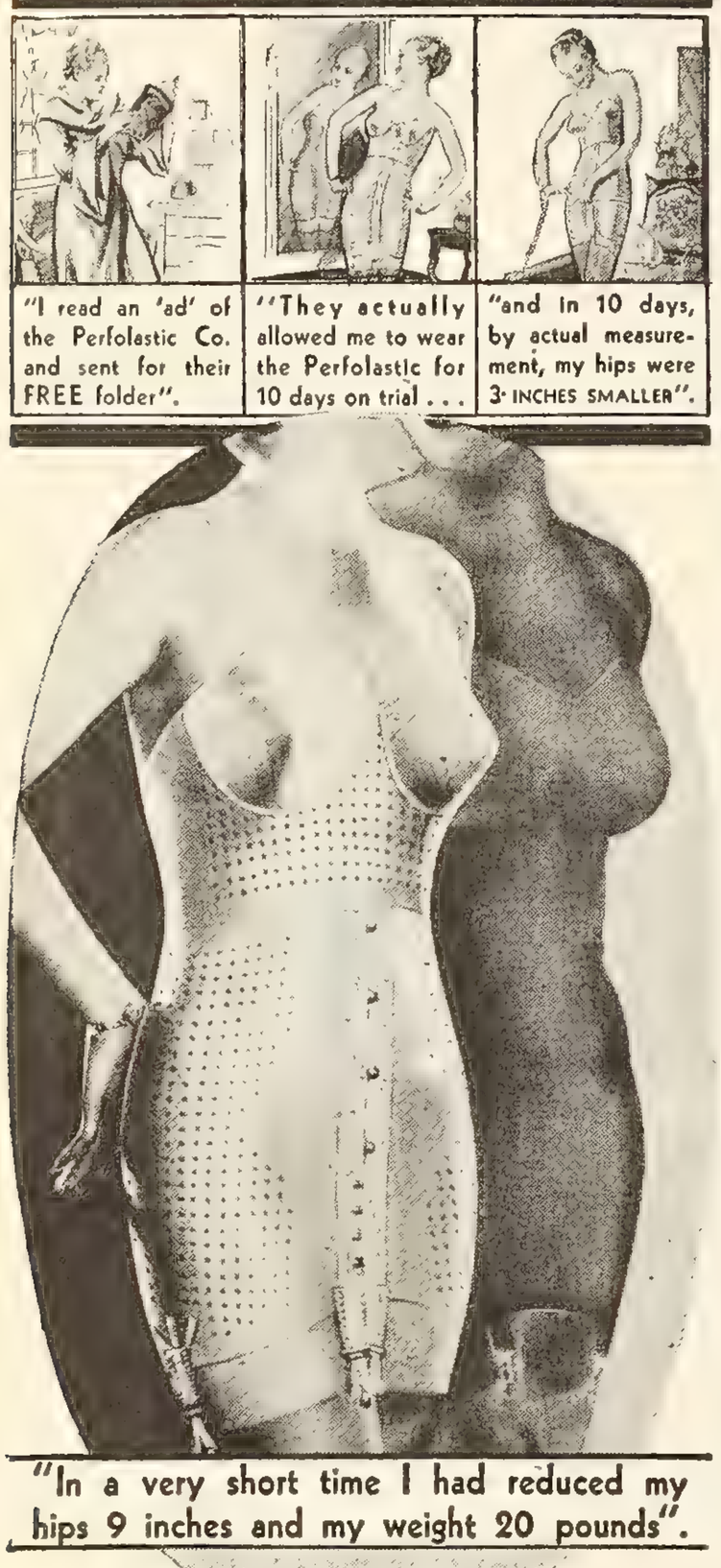


Mrs. Glaenzer's 10-carat diamond ring and solid gold cigarette case given by Napoleon to a Russian princess, and her three diamond bracelets.



Rivaling Mrs. Glaenzer's ermine and silver fox evening wrap in grace and beauty, is her mink cape, constructed of beautifully matched skins, collected over a period of twenty years by a famed furrier.

TEST... the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
... at our expense!



"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR

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Joan Crawford Answers Her Critics

[*Continued from page 27*]

she automatically becomes so stilted in her performance, so unhappy in character creation, that she cannot be real.

"NOT only was *Rain* a disappointing picture, but it started an international controversy about the mouth make-up I used in it. It was taken for granted that I was starting a fad. All that I was doing was trying to characterize a rôle effectively. *Sadie Thompson* was a woman whose mouth would be broad and loose, so I smeared my lips.

"My next picture was *Letty Lynton. Letty Lynton* was a *Sadie Thompson* in handsome clothes. Inside, they were both alike; only their backgrounds and their advantages differed. So *Letty Lynton,* too, had a smeary mouth. When my next picture came along, I abandoned that type of mouth make-up and returned to normalcy because the character required it. Not because I was criticized, not because each day I received stacks of letters asking me what I was doing to myself, not because the press uniformly attacked and criticized me for it!

"THIS, in itself, is fairly unimportant. What is far more vital is the accusation that I am jealous of and unfriendly toward other stars.

"I have never in my career been jealous of any person. I have never let myself in for that particular emotional handicap. If I want something and work hard enough, I can get it—as anyone can. Naturally, we are all ambitious. Naturally, we all want the best stories, the best supporting casts and the best directors available. In the picture business, as in any other business, there is competition—there *must* be competition. But competition isn't another word for jealousy.

"I have never been a person who can gush over another person with slight acquaintance. But I don't see how that makes me jealous of that person. Jean Harlow, for example. I have met Miss Harlow once quite casually at a very large gathering. I have seen her at a distance no more than three times since. I presume the routine for me would have been to slap her on the back and yelp 'Hi pal!' every time I did chance to meet her on a studio street. That sort of thing isn't natural to me and I refuse to put on a pose.

"Certainly, I'm not jealous of Miss Harlow or unfriendly toward her because Franchot Tone happened to be her leading man in her latest picture. I want him to have a career. It would be stupid for me and stultifying for him to ask that he be my leading man exclusively. All I want is that he should have excellent parts—parts that give him a chance to show his talent. And it doesn't matter whose leading man he is!

"PERHAPS it is a fault in a person to be interested in the talents of others. Certainly I have been not only misjudged, but wilfully misunderstood whenever I have taken it upon myself to point out latent ability, and to ask that it be given its proper opportunity.

"That happened in the case of Clark Gable. He was unknown when he first played with me. Anyone would recognize potential dramatic power when it is there. My enthusiasm for him released a torrent of speculation, and as much eyebrow-lifting as Hollywood has been guilty of in many a day. I do not intend, because of this incident, to curb my enthusiasm for newcomers. I shall continue, if necessary, to take the risk of gossip!

"'Joan Crawford has gone high-hat and temperamental.' That is an old, old story. The first time I heard it, I think, was soon after my divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. I have been hearing it, off and on, ever since. And I think it is time to squelch it.

"I have met hundreds of people casually in the course of my work, as everyone else has. We don't become bosom friends or maintain contact year in and year out with mere acquaintances. My close friends of yesterday are my friends today.

"PERSONALLY, I don't consider myself temperamental. I have always worked in perfect harmony with directors and co-players—including those with whom I have not felt closely attuned. What may have been mistaken for temperament is that paralyzing fear I have when I begin a new picture. I die a thousand deaths the first two days of shooting. My hands and my feet are ice-cold and my throat is constricted. Perhaps I am more detached and more anxious about my lines and my scenes than I would be if I weren't in constant terror.

"Currently, there is a rumor that my circle of friends excludes women. I know three or four men whose fine friendship I am fortunate to claim—and they are frequent guests in my home. However, I entertain Helen Hayes, Billie Burke, Jean Dixon, Jean Muir, Ruth Chatterton and other women just as often—but columnists seem to prefer to include only the names of the men and invariably forget the names of their dinner partners. Even as small a thing as this gives a distorted view of a person.

"I should not have cared to go through the last few years without criticism. To me, criticism is a whip that forces us to look deeply within ourselves for the justice or injustice of an accusation. And I have yet to know any person who doesn't profit by self-knowledge.

"*I* have profited—and to that degree I am grateful for all criticism I have ever received, both just and unjust."

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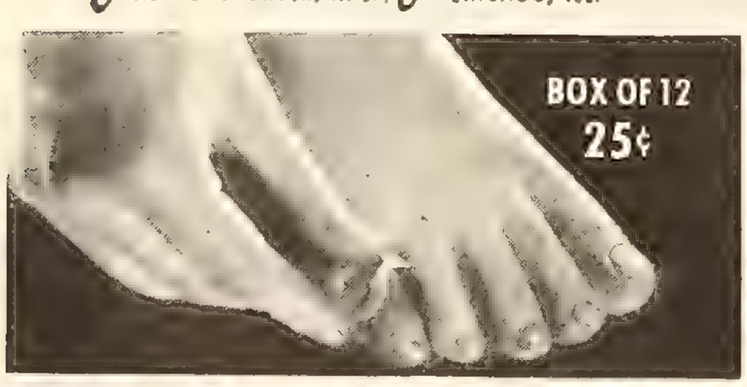
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Dare to Be Glamorous!

[*Continued from page 24*]

"Every girl has the *instinct* to adorn herself, to italicize her beauty. The dark-eyed Hawaiian who thrusts a scarlet hibiscus in her silky hair—the Hopi Indian with silver and turquoise jewelry glinting in the sunlight—each one automatically seizes upon the things that dramatize her own native type. But when we become advanced and modern, we also become repressed.

"One of the many nice things about Hollywood is that the climate is semi-tropical. Palm fronds, blazing cacti, and dazzling sunlight set a gorgeous stage for a fashion parade. Other sections have their mountain lakes, their snowy peaks and green hills, and long, cool vistas of sea and sky. Whatever your background, make it part of you.

"You can never achieve beauty, chic, or charm by imitation. You must be individual. When you were born a girl, you were given the inalienable right to be feminine and therein lies your power to be glamorous. Clothes can, almost without fail, transform a woman into anything she wishes to be—hoyden, grande dame, sophisticate, or child.

"By that I don't mean that you must not dress according to your type. However, within the limits of that type, there are many different you's. And different types of gowns can bring them out.

"LET'S begin with evening gowns, shall we? They are always alluring. Any girl is romantic and mysterious under softly shaded lights or wrapped in moon-glow. For dancing, I have this rose-red chiffon gown with the softly molded bodice and full, almost circular, skirt. High-heeled sandals of narrow rose-red crêpe thongs, edged with gold kid, twinkle from the folds of the skirt. Several jeweled bracelets, a ring or two, and there you are!

"As I am a tawny blonde, red is one of my colors. This black satin gown with the full pleated skirt flaunts red velvet shoulder straps like two danger signals. Who wants to look safe, anyway? With this dress I wear a wrap of pale silver lamè, lavishly furred with white polar wolf. Long-haired furs are enchantingly becoming.

"I DO not believe that the line of a gown should be too broken, or too complex. That would spoil the loveliness of the material and detract from the color. Among the nicest of my dresses is this dusty-pink crêpe with the detachable cape of clipped ostrich in the same shade. It is really very simple, but it doesn't appear to be. Frequently, amusing effects can be achieved by lifting details from one type of frock and putting them on dresses of an altogether different type. For instance, my white crêpe dinner gown with the matching jacket is plain and unassuming. But when I add a handkerchief printed in riotous colors, tied about my throat cowboy fashion, the dress is sensational.

"I like dinner gowns, hostess gowns, and all the luscious feminine things one can wear during the cocktail hour. Something very gracious has come back into our lives with the revival of formal negligèes and tea gowns.

"My most elegant one is this almost Shakespearean robe of heavy white blister satin, with its short full train, huge sleeves caught tightly at the wrists, and its high, draped neckline. The color note is introduced by the extremely heavy silk cords of chartreuse that form the girdle, passing through a tortoise-shell buckle in front and letting their tasseled ends hang almost to the floor.

"WHEN you leave the formal, intimate gowns, you needn't leave the charm of color with them. This season three colors are better than one, and this gives you ample opportunity to create costumes with chic and flare. I have a beige wool suit with hunter's-green chevron stripes running through it. With this I wear a small hat of matching material with a jaunty pheasant feather. The coat fastens down the front with tremendous cord frogs. The blouse is, oddly enough, black matelasse satin.

"The pastel washable silk dress for summer will be with us always, I hope. It allows such great variation of style that it can't grow monotonous. I bought one to match my Malibu Beach house, which is white trimmed with marine blue nautical gadgets. The dress is white silk crêpe, very plain, with a huge sailor collar of marine blue studded with little, white felt stars. The hat, exactly like a child's sailor, is white, faced with marine blue.

"IT IS really the little-girl part of your mind that makes you want to 'dress up,' to play that you are a siren. an ingènue, or what you will. It is only by doing stunts with your clothes and your make-up that you will secure the maximum smartness. Experiment a bit with color, line, and type. If you make a few mistakes, at least you will have learned what you must not do. If you don't feel comfortable in your gowns, you are not well-dressed. Once a dress is on, you should be able to forget it.

"I never regard really good clothes as extravagant. They hold their shape long after a cheap dress is baggy and funny-looking in the wrong places.

"I don't pretend to be a fashion expert, but I do know that shops and modistes are constantly offering all of us an infinite variety of costumes. Most of these are ordinary, some are downright homely, and some have that breath-taking quality known as beauty. Don't be afraid to choose the glamorous ones. You may be the only girl in your crowd to combine a plum-colored wrap with a dusty-pink evening gown, but don't be timid about doing it if those shades dramatize you. Dare to be glamorous!"

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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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And You Can Be Glamorous!

[*Continued from page 25*]

women associate glamor, consciously or unconsciously, with the evening hours—the dining and dancing and theatre-going hours. But the smart woman, and the smartly dressed woman, seeks a bit of daytime dash and chic. And it is not difficult—or expensive—to acquire.

"Nearly every woman has—or will have—a tailored suit. Nothing is smarter for daytime wear. But there are little ways in which she can make it smarter.

"One secret of glamor is to attract attention subtly to your face. And one way to accomplish this, either with a tailored suit or street frock, is with a fur scarf. Here is something that is equally effective for street wear, for motoring, for cocktail and unexpected dinner dates. Fur has a lavishness all its own that is always glamorous.

"YOU don't need silver fox, in the movie star manner, for your neckpiece. Platinum or gray fox, especially with navy blue, can be just as interesting as silver fox; and the same thing applies to red fox with a dark brown ensemble.

"Fur at the throat adds a touch of glamor to a costume. Another glamor-our note is a nicely selected rhinestone brooch at the throat of a suit. It adds richness and relieves the severity of the tailored motif.

"Diamonds—or rhinestones—are not usually associated with worsteds or tweeds or others of the rougher fabrics. All the more reason for using them!

"And there is another new trick to add chic to suits. You will see it on the screen. On the street, wear dark suede gloves with your tailored suit—and for a more dressy occasion wear a bracelet of synthetic stones *over* one glove. It adds that unexpected touch.

"Small bits of jewelry—and I don't mean expensive jewelry—can work wonders with a costume that leans toward severity, as a tailored suit does. And another happy note is an unexpected boutonniere—say, a red carnation, a daffodil, or even a tulip.

"Did you ever hear what the late Lilyan Tashman said about glamor? 'One wrong note with a right note makes the chic woman.' That was the opinion of a woman who was not the most beautiful in Hollywood, but who maintained, year after year, the reputation of being the best-dressed, the most glamorous.

"That little note of graceful inconsistency, that piquant bit of contrast—I can't overstress how important they are if you are in search of glamor. Nor can I overstress the importance of self-analysis, of being able to visualize in advance which glamor hints will accent your own particular personality, and which ones won't.

"HOLLYWOOD fashion designers, while they devote great attention to cut and to line, must concentrate their glamor-creating immediately around the face—creating effects that will make facial close-ups intriguing. For this reason, clothes glamor is very closely associated with hair-dressing. Everyone knows what effects Adrian has gained with Garbo, not only with the gowns he has designed for her, but with the coiffures he has suggested for her—coiffures in keeping with them. Every smart designer, and every woman with a desire to be glamorous, is experimenting with new coiffure effects."

Royer, himself, is directly responsible for the revival of the Psyche knot—that effect achieved with braids coiled into a figure-eight roll low on the neck. He is also an exponent of the coronet-braid coiffure.

"However," he explains, "women with round faces or heavy jowls should avoid anything that would tend to accent their facial roundness, to make them moon-faced. The coronet is not attractive to them. Women with long or oval faces can carry it off with chic. The Psyche knot is particularly good for women with high or broad cheekbones, because it subtly draws attention lower.

"If you are a disciple of severe hairdresses, I would like to point out the effectiveness, with many of them, of button earrings. The new button jewelry is very smart.

"NO costume, no woman is smarter than her hair or her hat. The smartest costume can be ruined by the wrong hat, because the most interest is focussed on her face and her eyes—and her hat is the closest thing to her eyes.

"Every woman should study the contour of her face and her hairline in selecting a hat. Trick little bonnets are very trying for round faces, for example. Thin faces look wan under off-the-face hats. The woman with a symmetrical face should beware of hats flat over the forehead. This last type should seek irregularity of line.

"But no woman should be afraid to cover half her face with her hat. She should remember that, for purposes of glamor, one eye is as good as two. In fact, the clever girl can do far more romantic damage with just one eye revealed. You may be pretty, but—you can create the illusion of being prettier with that suggestion of piquancy.

"No woman, seeking glamor, should ever call particular attention to her feet or her ankles. The woman who wears colored pumps with a white gown is drawing attention away from the place where she most wants it—on her face. When a woman overelaborates on any part of her costume, she becomes tawdry, not glamorous.

"There is a very thin dividing line between tawdriness and glamor. A delicate scent, a hint of jewelry, a provocative dress line can be glamorous. But a woman who uses high scent, who covers herself with jewelry, who wears a dress too daring in its line is not chic. She is tawdry.



Who can deny that Adrienne Ames has glamor in this negligée in "Secret Lives," designed by Royer? It is of bugle-beaded satin, with ostrich epaulets

"One or two small daring and interesting effects are sufficient. Don't use all your individualistic ideas at once. Don't, in other words, step over the bounds of good taste.

"IT IS not always necessary to go in for a great expenditure of money to achieve glamor. Rich fabrics, expensive coiffures and furs would make any woman individual. But careful study can produce similar effects with small expenditures. Every woman must think for herself, not rely on the judgment of friends, or even style-setters or stylists. No woman is fashionable unless what she is wearing is attractive on *her*.

"But, along with clothes glamor, a woman needs confidence to carry it off. This, perhaps, is the most important point of all. It is one thing to have an idea for achieving individuality, and another thing to execute it. The smartly dressed woman has the courage of her convictions. She assumes self-confidence. She has no affectations, no nervous little habits—such as handkerchief-twisting or hair-pushing. And, most of all, she doesn't look—and doesn't let herself feel—dressed up.

"Poise and carriage and confidence are the companions of glamor. Study photos of stars. Notice how they hold their hands, how they carry themselves, what they do with a natural grace.

"If you want to obtain chic, you cannot be self-conscious. And everybody, to become glamorous, has to fight self-consciousness. If you find yourself fighting it, don't think that you are unusual—and don't be discouraged. The smartest-dressed women today have all fought—and won—the same battle."

Who Are the Beauties of Today?

[*Continued from page* 30]

"I have been in several short features for different film companies—modeling clothes and things like that. Then I was in a news picture with Mrs. Roosevelt that we made for the President's Birthday Ball. I liked that," she said naively. "Some of the companies have made tests of me, and I've had some offers—but I don't want to go into pictures. I'd rather learn how to draw."

She left the room to dig up a photograph for me.

"You see how unusual she is, don't you?" asked Mr. Christy. "She has something more than just a beautiful face and body. She has sincerity. Intelligence. Ambition. And a decided talent. I think she will make good as an artist. Her sketches are remarkable for a beginner.

"SPEAKING of good-looking youngsters," he continued, "one of the most stunning young girls I know is Doris Duke Cromwell. When you analyze her features separately, everything appears to be in defiance of characteristics that go to make up a lovely girl. She is taller than the average girl—and thinner. Her chin is prominent and her mouth is wide. But her coloring is exquisite. Her hair and eyes are beautiful. Her nose is good. And the moment you look at her, you realize that she is unusually attractive. She has more common sense than the average girl of today, and she has character. Her manners are beautiful. That, in itself, is so rare in the younger generation, that it startles me whenever I see her.

"Have you ever seen Whitney Bourne?" he asked. I nodded. "Well, I think she's a very beautiful girl," he said. "Her face is one of the most unusual in either New York or the movies. There's a sort of brilliancy about her that is out of the ordinary. She has the kind of beauty that makes people turn around and stare.

"Barbara Hutton is another pretty girl, one with delicate, doll-like features. Her type of beauty is less unusual than the others, less startling. She does not dramatize herself; in fact, she shrinks from attracting attention. Despite all the headlines, she still is a stranger to the public. Her shyness is not the coy kind; it is the kind that goes with self-consciousness, supersensitiveness. It is a rare characteristic in a beautiful woman. Offhand, I can't think of another example of it.

"A third well-known lady in New York society who is a striking-looking person, in an entirely individual manner, is Mrs. Harrison Williams. She's supposed to be the best-dressed woman in the world, but I think there's a harmony in her appearance that goes deeper than mere clothes. When you see her, you get the effect of a handsome ensemble—like a picture that pleases the eye at once without an analysis of detail."

On the high walls, there were several portraits, unusually beautiful, all of the same model. The face was lovely with its purity of line and delicately cut features. She was tall and blonde. I kept finding my eyes attracted to the portraits. Mr. Christy, noticing, said, "She is one of the beauties of today on any Christy list."

"What is her name?" I asked.

He smiled. "Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy."

They have been married for eighteen years, and during those years she has served as an inspiration for many of his finest artistic efforts.

HE took me over to a huge canvas on an easel—a lovely composition of a woman in evening dress, holding a small dog under her right arm. He started the portrait just that morning and had worked on it straight through the day. At sixty, Howard Chandler Christy has the same indefatigable enthusiasm for art that he had when he was twenty.

On my way out, he showed me the hotel dining room whose walls glow with life-size figures from his brush—a room that has created a furor in New York because of its beauty. He turned to me and said with a laugh:

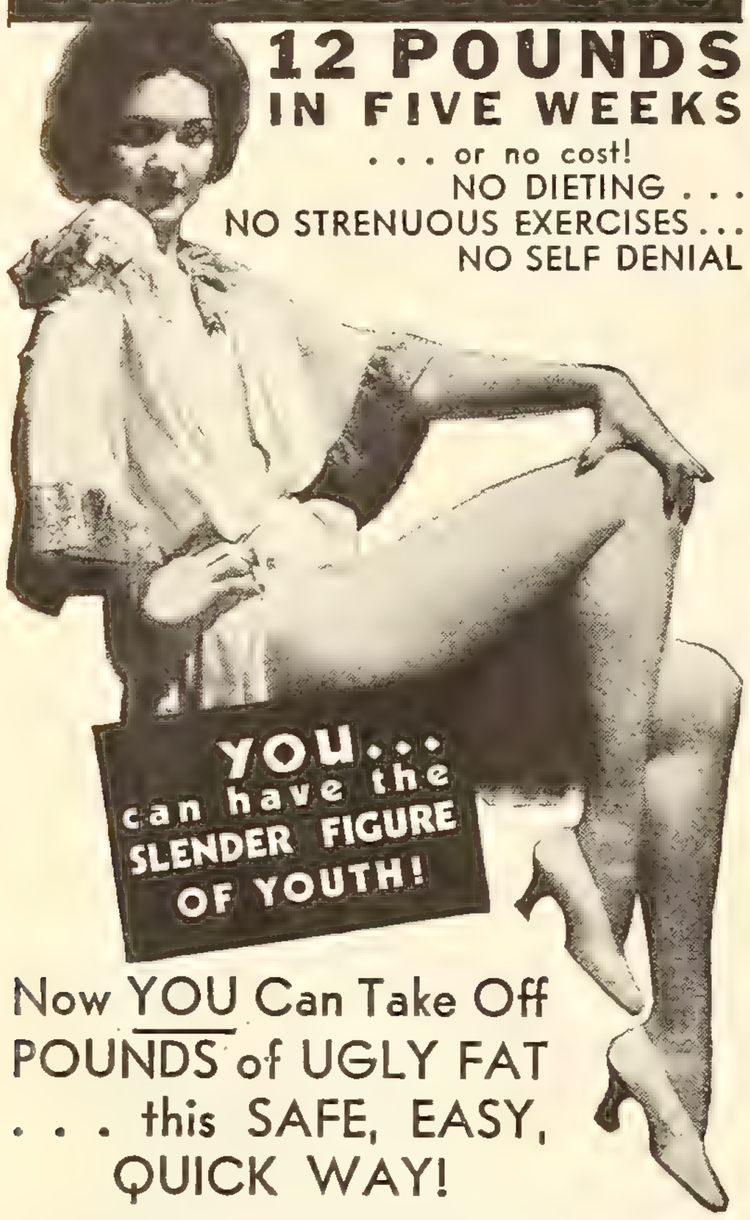
"When I brought Will Rogers in to show him this room, he looked all around very carefully without saying a word. Finally, he scratched his head and grunted: 'Well, Howard,' he said, 'you don't have to go out to Hollywood. You've got it all right here.'"



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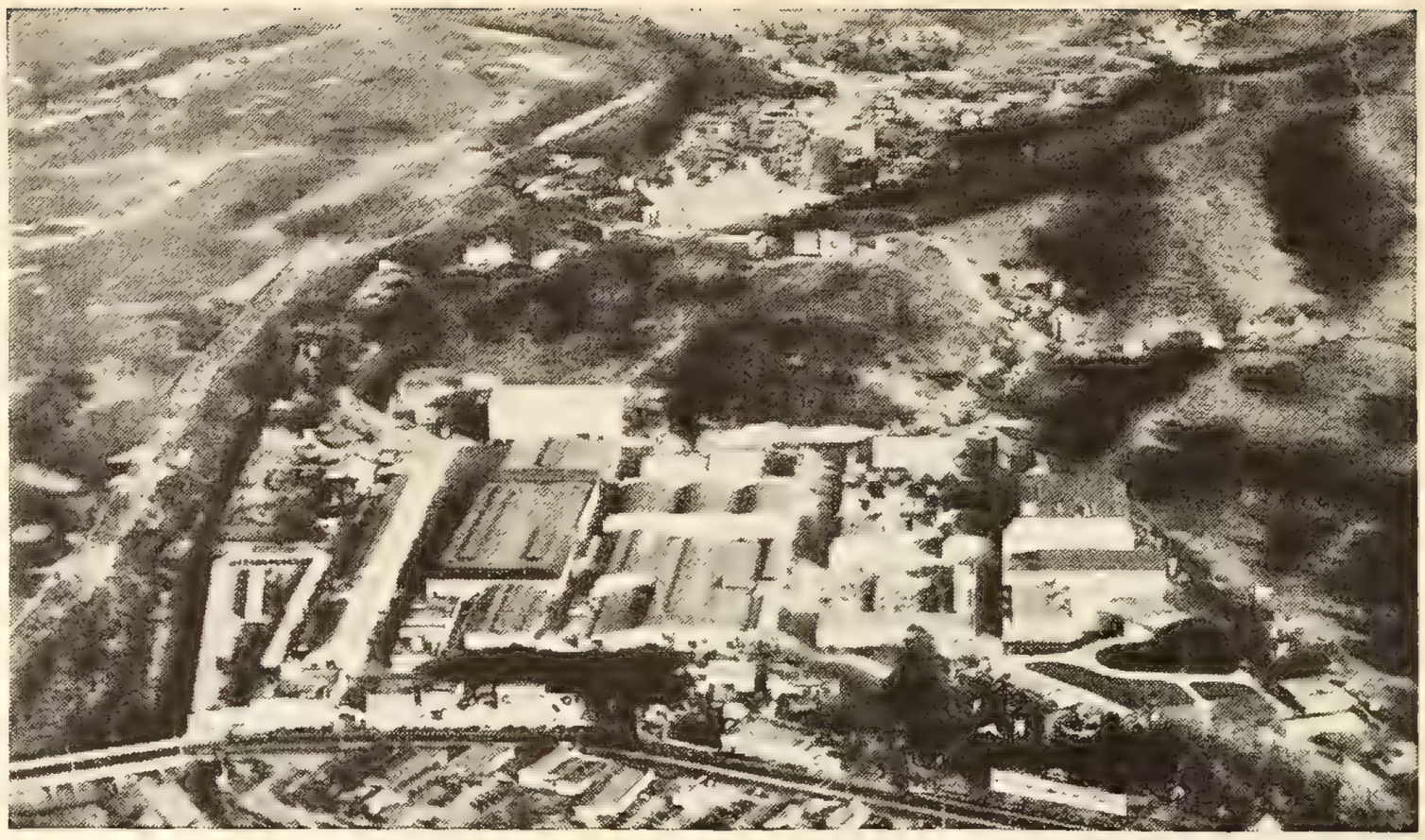
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This airplane view gives you some idea of the extensiveness of Universal Studios—past whose gates all members of the Movieland Tour will go. In the foreground are mammoth sound stages; in the distance, outdoor "sets"

We'll Show You Hollywood!

[*Continued from page* 41]

(often called the greatest picture ever made), *The King of Jazz, Dracula, Frankenstein, Waterloo Bridge, Back Street, Only Yesterday* (which brought Margaret Sullavan to the screen), *The Invisible Man, Little Man, What Now?, Imitation of Life.* It is the one studio that has the facilities, right on its own lot, to make any kind of picture—from an outdoor serial melodrama to an indoor musical spectacle.

AND as we take you around the studio, you stand a 100-to-1 chance of seeing, in close-up, such present-day Universal stars as Margaret Sullavan (who is expected back from abroad by then), smiling Chester Morris, Boris Karloff *without* any horror make-up, Heather Angel, Sally Eilers, Gloria Stuart, Binnie Barnes, Henry Hull, Douglass Montgomery, June Clayworth, Henry Armetta, Baby Jane Quigley, Buck Jones and dozens of other players.

Moreover, thanks to the cooperation of John LeRoy Johnston, Universal's ace publicist, we shall be able to give you the most unusual privilege of all—the opportunity to see a picture in production. You will actually be on the sidelines, watching a director planning a scene, learning at first hand the details of picture-making, seeing how the stars look in movie make-up.

You will lunch alongside stars in Universal's own restaurant. . . .

WE HAVE planned many more memorable moments for you. Besides the high spots of Hollywood, itself, you will see Catalina Island, off the Coast, where yachting stars have a habit of going on week-end vacations. And you will see Beverly Hills, where most of the stars live.

Special cars will take the Movieland Tour party past the homes of Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Charles Chaplin, Norma Shearer, William Powell, and a half-hundred others—homes you have always wanted to see. And, as a climax, you will be guests in a star's own home; you will meet a famous Hollywood hostess face to face.

Returning to Chicago, you will pass through new territory, seeing Salt Lake City, stopping over at Colorado Springs and Pike's Peak, motoring to the summit of Cheyenne Mountain, attending a dinner dance at the Antlers Hotel, crossing the prairies.

You will be back in Chicago on August 18—with a new zest for life, with tales of adventure in a dozen states to tell, with memories of an insider's view of Hollywood.

DOES the thought of such a vacation as this appeal to you? The time for you to complete your plans to be aboard the Movieland Special the night of August 4 is growing shorter.

Write today for the booklet we have prepared, detailing the whole itinerary, illustrating how inexpensive the tour will be (you will be surprised at its low cost!), and advising you what to wear. Just drop a note—now—to J. C. Godfrey, Jr., Business Manager, Motion Picture Movieland Tour, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. By return mail, Mr. Godfrey, manager of our Chicago office, will supply you with full details—and then you can begin planning in earnest.

It costs you nothing but a three-cent stamp to find out all about the vacation opportunity of a lifetime. Write to Mr. Godfrey for complete details. If you live at a considerable distance east or south (or even west) of Chicago, he will be glad to help you plan that additional portion of your trip.

Don't let the Movieland Special leave without you!

The Six Most Romantic Men

[*Continued from page* 33]

are some women who can resist the big he-man type. Others don't care for that boyish appeal. But show me the girl who won't fall for the poise and finesse that Paul has!

His most attractive feature is his mouth. Or it might be those eyes that really get you—even though black-and-white photography can't do justice to them. In real life, they remind you of blue sapphires. He is well-built and built to wear smart clothes. He has a strong, well-constructed face.

He has a degree from Cambridge University and a rain check on the bank of Monte Carlo. Have you got the Cavanagh angle? If you haven't, come up and see him sometime in my new picture.

THE first picture I ever made in Hollywood, *Night After Night,* was with a gentleman by the name of George Raft. He is just about the world's most likable menace. The kind of menace that catches—and holds—women's fancies.

The big Raft drawing power lies in his eyes. They can be as menacing as a cobra's. Or they can be soft and caressing. And when he turns on that steely stare, a girl just naturally melts into his arms. Usually, she stays melted . . .

George's smile, which you seldom see, is fascinating. His voice, which some people claim is a monotone, suits his personality and has a haunting quality that never tires you. And his dancing—when you dance with George Raft, you don't have to dream any more!

FOR really dynamic appeal that you can spot a mile away, you don't have to look any farther than James Cagney. He is one of those "elemental" men with the kind of personality that has the pull of Niagara. Even though Jimmy is not a large man, he gives the suggestion of strength—the sort that could make a big fellow look foolish. Just as Napoleon had power and force and commanded respect, so does Cagney.

Everything about him gives a warning to women—but who ever took a warning? You are afraid that he might suddenly go caveman-ish, and you are scared to death that he won't!

A GOOD many singers have rhythm, but Bing Crosby has romance—which is more important. He has more romantic appeal in one note than a hundred ordinary crooners have in a carload of songs. And it's dynamite.

When he starts echoing in the valley, the moon comes up over the mountain and the women start crying "Please." Add to this a flair for comedy and a cute boyishness and you have Crosby. As Warfield said, "If you don't want him, I want him. If you don't take him, I'll take him."

We have a few more romantic men in Hollywood. When I have more time, I'll tell you all about them.



VISIT HOLLYWOOD as the guest of Movie Classic Magazine! Not just a "sight-seeing" tour—we'll visit the studios, see pictures actually being made, meet the stars personally, see their homes, drop in at their favorite play spots. It's the opportunity of a lifetime to see Hollywood in a way no ordinary traveler could ever hope for!

We're planning a two-weeks' vacation for a trainload of our readers. We'll see all the interesting spots of the West. From Seattle we'll take a boat trip up Puget Sound to Victoria. Then to Hollywood, where we'll be entertained in thrilling style by executives of Fawcett publications. Through the Rockies, the Royal Gorge, Colorado Springs, on our return trip.

We'll travel on a special train, stop at the best hotels. Dinner dances, bridge tournaments, special entertainments for every minute of the time. And you can take this wonderful trip—train fares, meals, hotel bills—for a cost so low it will make you gasp for breath!

We leave Chicago August 4th, return August 18th. For reservations and information, write to



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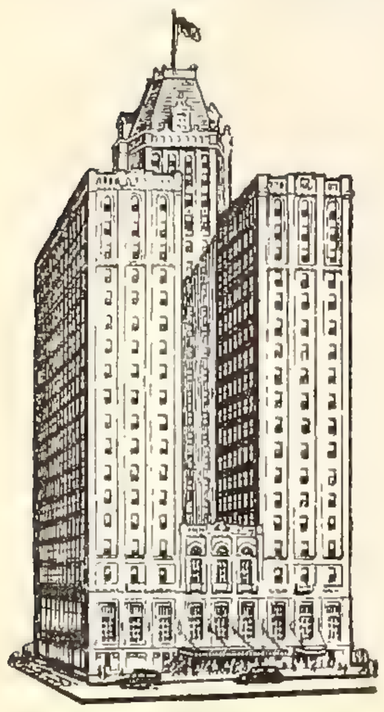
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LYDIA O'LEARY, Inc., Dept. MP-6
551 Fifth Ave. New York

The Answers —and the Winners!

MOVIE CLASSIC awards the prizes in its "Do You Know Your Stars?" Contest



Most entrants guessed Warner Baxter correctly . .



. . But many failed to recognize Alice Faye

In April, MOVIE CLASSIC published the two photographs above, with the features of the two stars "masked." We asked "Do You Know Your Stars?", inviting readers to guess the identity of the disguised actor and actress, and offering several cash prizes to give the game more zest.

To enter the contest, all that any reader had to do was to submit a critical comment of fifty words or less about each of the two stars. The judges, working overtime on the hundreds of entries, have selected these as the winners.—*Editor.*

$10.00 First Prize Answer

A PICTURE including the name of Warner Baxter in its cast guarantees an evening of enjoyment, for his charming personality brings gaiety, sympathy and romance to the screen. He portrays the understanding husband, the gentle lover, and the gay friend with equal sincerity, and personifies the ideal of American women.

Alice Faye, that bubbling, sparkling little personality, has the joy of living and youth in her laughing voice and dancing feet. She is the embodiment of charm, with her grace of figure, innocence and youthful glamor, a young American girl whom every mother would be proud to call her daughter.

RUTH K. FREDERICKS,
85 Bronx River Road,
Yonkers,
New York.

$5.00 Second Prize

WARNER BAXTER . . . the grandest trouper of them all. Sensational matinée idols rise and fall, but Warner Baxter goes on year after year giving us delightful entertainment and uniformly splendid performances. He gives to all of his rôles a beautiful sincerity and a bit of whimsical humor.

Alice Faye . . . one of our most promising young actresses. Alice came to Hollywood in a blaze of divorce court publicity, but she stayed on her merit as a talented actress and songstress. That speaks volumes in her behalf.

ANNE ALLEN,
910 North El Paso St.,
El Paso, Texas.

$1.00 Prize Answers

WARNER BAXTER: Magnetic and mature. Manly and dependable. Always immaculate. Romantic because of his aura of having lived and enjoyed the process. Pleasingly forceful voice, full of character. Equally successful as a man of the world or the outdoor type. Appealing to both young and mature women.

Alice Faye: Not altogether beautiful but possesses a beautiful figure. Typical of the modern songstress. Should soften her make-up and acquire an entirely new characterization, away from the showgirl type.

MRS. BETTY HENRY,
Box 857,
Hilo, Hawaii, T.H.

WARNER BAXTER can always be relied upon to give a finished and satisfactory performance, regardless of the support given him or the picture selected for him to appear in. Mr. Baxter is one of the few remaining stars of the old school to retain the esteem and, I may add, the affection of a critical public.

Alice Faye is a talented singer and an actress whose ability is fast being recognized as outstanding. She has traveled far since her first appearance two years ago. Should she continue to score, her success may cause the platinum Lorelei to look about and reinforce her pedestal.

LILLIAN COLLINS,
11 Cross St.,
Akron, Ohio.

WARNER BAXTER is to me a man's man, dynamic, virile and free from the stigma of bedroom episodes which so disgust the average person with certain male picture celebrities. His smile and unaffected mannerisms never fail to please.

Alice Faye is to me a real man's woman, sweet, athletic, and equally at home in evening gown or on the range. She possesses an appealing personality. an intriguing smile, and natural (not cultivated) screen mannerisms.

GILSON WILLETS,
546 Nineteenth Ave.,
San Francisco, Calif.

IN MY opinion, Warner Baxter is "the top" in ideal actors. Not only does he give thrills and chills to his feminine audience, but he also earns the admiration of the more critical, slightly suspicious male populace for his regular "he-man" portrayals.

Although women may say with a sniff, "She looks like just another blonde!" Alice Faye is every college boy's, business man's and grandpa's candidate for the best all-around actress of the screen; and her platform supports platinum hair, blue eyes, luscious curves, and that certain type of voice.

PEGGY MCNEILL,
3000 Belmont Blvd.,
Nashville, Tenn.

WARNER BAXTER: Ah! There is a man with the IT that charms women! The strength of character written upon his face, the determined set of his jaw, his infectious smile, bespeak the power to manage the feminine sex, not by crooning, but by real "he-man" tactics!

Alice Faye: The type that "gentlemen prefer"—warm, slender, graceful, fascinating. Temptation in organdy! She was created to keep men's hearts bursting the buttons off their vests!

BERNICE C. BOWNE,
2341 Chestnut St.,
San Francisco, Cal.



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The marvelous elasticity of a Jantzen is achieved through an exclusive knitting process—*Jantzen-Stitch.* That is why a Jantzen always fits perfectly—and permanently! That is why a Jantzen is so completely comfortable, gently but firmly holding the body in the natural position of youth. An amazing degree of natural line figure-control is *literally knitted-in.*

The Brä-Mio (illustrated) is a new Jantzen creation that reflects the latest Continental trend—a one-piece skirtless halter-neck suit with smartly tailored brassiere lines. The fabric is the luxurious new Jantzen Kava-Knit. $4.95. . . . . Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia.

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Anne Darling *featured in Universal Pictures wears the new Jantzen Brä-Mio.*

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Absorb all blemishes and discolorations and make your skin smooth, soft and healthy with the daily use of pure Mercolized Wax. This single, all-purpose beauty aid is the only cream necessary for the proper care of your skin. Mercolized Wax cleanses, softens, lubricates, bleaches and protects. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed, clearing away freckles, tan and other blemishes. Your complexion becomes so beautifully clear and velvety soft, your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin.

Phelactine removes hairy growths —takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free. Phelactine is the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

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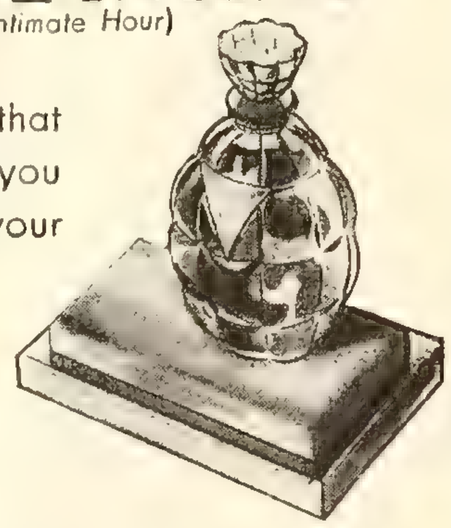
is a refreshing stimulating astringent lotion when dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. It reduces wrinkles and other age lines. When used daily, Saxolite refines coarse-textured skin, eliminates excessive oiliness and makes the skin glow with fresh, warm, youthful color.

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS

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The Story Behind Jean Parker's Eyes

[*Continued from page 37*]

his face and understanding in his heart."

His death left a gap in her life that she is still trying to fill.

Her mother was prostrated. Jean's father took the two children.

As he moved about a great deal, Jean was first in one school and then another. Finally, the young girl realized that such methods were retarding her in school. So, in order to finish an important term, the girl would walk for an hour and a half each way to the same school.

When it rained, she would take off her shoes and stockings and wade to school. This was in Sunny California. When I asked if she were not afraid she would catch cold, the now-famous young lady said,

"I was so poor I couldn't afford to catch cold—so it never entered my head."

She was so miserable during this period that she ran away from home, and lived with a young woman teacher.

JEAN does not talk of this time. She is as shy about it as one of the deers in the famous film, *Sequoia,* in which she was recently starred. But the iron of suffering entered too deeply into her soul for her ever to be glib about it.

She was again in Pasadena. Jean, as usual, helped with the family expenses by doing housework over the neighborhood and playing a ukulele in a "kid's orchestra."

One day she broke a string in the ukulele. It might not have been a serious matter to those who abominate such instruments for the destruction of peace. To Jean it was a great tragedy.

Rather than confess to the orchestra conductor that she did not have the money to buy a new string, she pretended she was sick.

There is a teacher at the Muir Tech High School in Pasadena. Her name is Olive Phillips. She took Jean to concerts and plays, and otherwise enlarged the boundaries of her life. She paved the way for Jean to join the school dancing class, and helped her forget the poverty that ironically enough followed her like a faithful dog.

Jean did not now mind the drudgery after school. She was learning to dance and to draw. For the first time since her stepfather lived, she touched the edges of happiness again.

She became so adept at dancing that she got an "evening position," teaching children their first steps. She lived over this incident later when she portrayed a young dancing teacher in *Have a Heart.*

THE threads of the story all tie in. Because of her lovely figure and graceful dancing, she was chosen by the school officials to grace, with seven other girls, the Olympic Games float.

As said before, a photographer took her picture and went meandering on his way.

The photograph of the eight girls found its way to the office of Ida Koverman, executive secretary to Louis B. Mayer, ruler of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

Just why such things happen, no one can ever satisfactorily explain. Ida Koverman, the busiest woman in the film industry, *happened* to feel like having an idle moment. She leisurely scanned a stack of photographs from a news agency.

She stopped suddenly, startled, and gazed at the picture of the eight girls. An astronomer, finding a new star in the heavens, could not have been more surprised.

For, as all worlds are relative, Ida Koverman was also discovering a star never seen before.

She laid the picture aside, to think about it for twenty-four hours.

The one girl's eyes haunted the busy and brainy woman.

JEAN, that same evening, was behind the counter of a drug store in Pasadena, selling candy. It was a summer job, to tide her over until the beginning of the next year—her senior year in high school.

A young woman entered the store. It might have been of no importance—except that she dazzled the young girl behind the counter.

It was a famous actress, one of the cinematic great.

The next day Ida Koverman sent a scout to find out who the eighth girl on the float was.

While Miss Koverman waited, the famous actress came into her office. "I saw a wonderful girl in Pasadena last night. She sold me a box of candy. She has eyes like Bernhardt. I wish you could see her."

Miss Koverman was interested. She picked up the picture.

"Did she look like this one?" She pointed out the girl on the float.

"Why, it's the same girl," answered the actress.

The rest reads like a page from a book of fairy tales.

Jean was brought to the studio and given a camera and voice test—and a long-term contract.

She used her first check to buy presents for her mother and sister, and a new bicycle for herself.

Her first part was a "bit" as a young princess in *Rasputin and the Empress.* Her latest was that of the title rôle in *Princess O'Hara.* All this in about two years.

She graduated from high school by studying with a tutor on the set between scenes.

It is still the age of miracles in Hollywood.

Ex-Tooter—Next Star!

[*Continued from page 39*]

winning ten (10) letters for his ability in football, baseball, basketball and track.

At the ripe age of sixteen, he enrolled in Carroll College at Waukesha, Wisconsin, which school had one of the finest dramatic courses in the country. Fred paid it no attention—he was tooting a sax in various late spots in the college town. His father grieved.

After two years of college, education palled and Fred went to Chicago to study the want ads. And when he finally found a job, it was with a dance band.

HAVING inherited a liking for travel from his parents, he next decided to take advantage of a chance to drive his aunt's car across country to Los Angeles. After weeks of searching for work he landed a berth in the orchestra of Warners' Hollywood Theatre.

He wanted to enlarge his horizon beyond the rim of an orchestra pit. So he took some vocal lessons and became a featured soloist with the orchestra. Meanwhile, he was also one of the thousands of hopefuls registered with the Central Casting Bureau for screen "extra" work. As he remembers now, he earned a total of two $7.50 checks.

That was why, in 1929, he accepted the offer of the California Collegians, a cooperative traveling jazz band, to become their featured soloist and saxophone player.

Eventually, the Collegians descended upon New York, where, five years later, the movies found him. They couldn't miss him. He was featured in the town's biggest hit, *Roberta!*

A Paramount talent scout spotted him, gave him a test. He clicked, and they shipped him right back where he started from—dear old Hollywood. The papers were signed in April, 1934.

"And then, for six months," he grins, "I didn't get even a small 'bit'. I kept hanging around with nothing to do. I almost went nuts!"

FRED is six feet, three inches tall, weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds, and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. He looks Irish, but insists that one of his parents was Scotch and the other German. Perhaps that is why he will talk about anything on earth except himself. The Scotch half of him won't give.

That the studio believes Fred was more than a flash in the pan in *The Gilded Lily* is proved by the fact that his next rôle is one originally written for George Raft. The name of the picture is *Federal Dick.* And when Claudette Colbert gets back from Columbia, the studio for which she made *It Happened One Night* and now is making *If You Could Only Cook*, Fred is scheduled to be her leading man again. . . .

He's a lad you will hear from *on* the screen in many a fine rôle, living down that reputation he earned as one of America's cleverest, tallest, smilingest saxophone players. . . .



"I wonder!"

"I wonder if it would end all regular pain for me, and end it for all time?"

MIDOL

To the woman who is asking herself that question, the makers of Midol make an emphatic answer: It will *not.*

MIDOL

But they make another statement just as emphatic, and just as true: Midol always relieves periodic suffering to some degree, and will for *you.*

MIDOL

Understand, this remarkable medicine *may* bring you complete relief. It has done this for many. And some of these women had always had the severest time. But others report only an easier time. Even so, isn't the measure of relief you are sure to receive well worth while? Midol means great comfort in any case—compared with unchecked suffering at this time of the month!

MIDOL

"Yes, but won't it form some habit?" Only the habit of avoiding suffering which is needless! There is no "habit forming" drug of any kind in Midol. It is not a narcotic.

So, don't let the speed with which this remarkable medicine takes hold cause you any apprehension. Don't keep it for "emergencies" or wait for the pain to reach its height before you take it. Let it keep you comfortable throughout the period. Learn to rely on it completely. Just follow the simple directions found inside the box.

MIDOL

And speaking of boxes, you'll appreciate the slim aluminum case in which you get Midol. It's so thin and light — and dainty — you can give it a permanent place in your purse and always be prepared. It's a tremendous relief — mental and physical — to be able to approach this time without misgivings, and to pass serenely through it.

MIDOL

Your druggist has these tablets. You'll probably see them on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol. Fifty cents is the most you'll pay — for comfort that is worth almost anything.

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And when Midol has given you back days once given over to suffering, will you do this? Tell anyone you know to be suffering, of your discovery — that Midol does bring definite and decided relief from "regular" pain!



Let's go adventuring in the China Seas with that famous pair of screen lovers, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow, where the exotic country of junks and typhoons and pirates furnishes a colorful background for a romance which will stir your pulses. Love and adventure set a headlong pace in their new picture, CHINA SEAS—and Wallace Beery is in the cast too! You won't want to miss this thrill-packed tale which appears complete in June ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, along with many other tales featuring your favorite movie stars in stories of their latest screen hits.



ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

NOW 10¢

Here Comes the Bride!

[*Continued from page 46*]

unusual, get a checked sport suit like Mary's. *Then* knit yourself a blouse sweater such as she has, lapels for the coat, and a hat to match!

Mary's chiffon dinner-into-the-evening dress is a poem—a little flower poem. Bright begonia shades against white with a distinctly 1935-ish air. The sash made of scarf squares does it. Also, the newly lowered neckline in front. For dining, Mary slips on the jacket with its gay, ruffled sleeves; and, afterwards, off it comes to reveal formal décolletage.

Place your bet on tailored navy sheers, too. They are as good as gold. The simpler they are, the better. Mary's has an almost childlike simplicity, but don't let that fool you! It combines three brand-new fashion tricks—*unpressed pleats in the skirt, giving it that newer-than-new fullness; hand-embroidered batiste guimpe with trimming on the sleeves to match; blue Polka-dotted tie that finds itself repeated in the slide-away hat.* And don't overlook the bag. It has an identification tag right on the handle for your name and address.

Frankly, I think that Mary Brian's trousseau suggestions are about the finest I have ever seen. Because every outfit is *complete.* Because there is no splurge, no straining after elaborate effects. And because it is a remarkable combination of fashion and good sense!



A navy blue sheer travels well, wears well and looks even better. Mary Brian's features a white embroidered batiste guimpe and sleeve edgings

Now You'll Be Color-Conscious!

[*Continued from page* 38]

stops. The officers know only too well what the rumble means. Napoleon has come!

"I am certain that within less than two years, all pictures will be made in color," Mr. Mamoulian told me later. "With color at a director's command, he is able to use it to heighten not only the naturalness, the beauty, but also the moods of his scenes. The psychology of color, I term it. Let me give you an example from the scene we just saw.

"Colors have always been symbolic. White, for instance, means purity; green, restfulness; red, danger and disaster. To utilize this, no doubt for the first time on the screen, I held my camera from the vivid red coats of the English officers until the last. They were on their way to die fighting the dreaded Napoleon. Subconsciously, you got that feeling of imminent danger and death from my concentration on red."

WILLY POGANY, noted artist and film art director, chortled with glee when I mentioned color films to him.

"Sure, I knew they would come. That is why I came to Hollywood. It will be the day of the artist, the man who knows all about colors and can work out color moods to fit each picture.

"Do I think that the coming of color will put our present stars in the background, developing entirely new ones? I do not. There will be changes in make-up and in the lighting of present-day stars—but why should color do them harm? Look, for instance, at Joan Crawford. She would be even more glamorous in color. Jean Harlow's platinum hair would also be doubly delightful, as would the dark beauty of Claudette Colbert and Kay Francis, and the red curls of Janet Gaynor. In fact, I do not think of a single star who would be hurt by color."

Robert Edmond Jones, famous stage designer and director, was the color adviser on *Becky Sharp*. Miriam Hopkins calls him "the Emperor Jones of the world of color"—because of what he has done to delineate the characters of the film through the use of color. And he says, "We have all been amazed at the effects we have secured in our picture. Color is here to stay."

Becky, for example, is a high-spirited, adventurous person—and the colors she wears emphasize and re-emphasize that fact. They are dashing, bold colors, colors that illuminate her whole personality. She is a decided contrast with *Amelia Osborne* (played by Frances Dee), who is more subdued, less worldly, and whose costumes are in soft, delicate, pastel shades.

Miriam Hopkins says, "Color has certainly helped to beautify all of the feminine members of the cast of *Becky Sharp*. I speak for myself mostly, but it has given me something that I never felt I possessed on the black-and-white screen. I frankly do not see why any of the reigning stars of today should fear the coming of color. I think those who have any apprehension will change their minds when they see our picture."

"BUT what," you ask, "is color in films going to do for *me*?" The answer is: "Plenty!"

Until now you have seen only animated charcoal sketches of the screen great. But now you will see the color of their eyes and their hair, the tints of their complexions, the shades of rouge and lipstick and mascara they favor. You will see, in actual color, how famous beauties achieve the acme of attractiveness. Now, more than ever, you will take make-up lessons from stars.

"With color, the old heavy screen make-up will vanish," says Mamoulian. "On our players in *Becky Sharp*, we had to do a great deal of experimenting before we began. On Miss Hopkins, for instance, we found that a make-up closely approximating her street make-up was the most effective. Some wonder if the all-seeing eye of the color camera will not be able to detect artificial make-up and that only the girl with naturally beautiful coloring will do. I say 'No,' for I have seen something of the skill of Hollywood make-up men."

And the stars' clothes. The glorious colors in the gowns designed for them by Bernard Newman, Travis Banton, Adrian, Orry-Kelly, Royer, René Hubert and other Hollywood stylists will come to you in their natural state. You will get the sheen of the fabrics and all the details of color combinations which they employ as an artist uses his paints. From the screen now, more than ever before, you will take lessons in clothes glamor—lessons not only in style, but in the colors that will enhance your charm, your personality.

The movies have taken you to far, romantic places and given you gray photographic impressions of them. You will see them lighted up with natural color. You will see the "rainbow riot" of blossoms and foliage, the hues of oceans and lakes, the blue of the night and the gold of the day—all as God made them, not in black and white.

Hollywood, famous for the home interiors it has designed for films, will now become even more famous in this respect. You will see the tints of woods, the colors of curtains and drapes and carpets and upholstery. You will learn secrets of color harmony that you will be able to adapt to your own home.

And, after color—what will the next development be? "Third dimension" films—pictures with depth, as well as length and breadth. Louis Lumiere, the 73-year-old French scientist who invented the movie camera in 1885, recently gave a demonstration of such a film in Paris!

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It's Always June with the Jolsons

[*Continued from page* 31]

had lost my heart. Funny, isn't it? But something clicked and there was never a second's doubt."

Al being called to the set to make a scene for *Go into Your Dance,* Ruby shyly continued the story.

"I was terribly thrilled to meet Al, for I had always admired him. But I never expected to see him again.

"Then, each day for several days I received a big box of flowers, but there was never any name—only a card with *'Guess who?'* written across it.

"Well, one afternoon just as I came off the stage from my act, the doorman told me that Mr. Al Jolson wanted to see me. Without stopping to think, I blurted right out and asked him—"

DASHING back to where Ruby and I were sitting, Al had overheard the last few words and with a grin, he added, "And—*he said he had!*"

Prancing restlessly back and forth before us, Al went on, "I gave Ruby a whirlwind courtship and on September 21, 1928, just three months after we met, we were married by a Justice in New York. We sailed to Europe for our honeymoon."

"But our honeymoon didn't stop in Europe," Al went on. "It continues every day and we're more in love and happier all the time, aren't we, Baby?"

"Absolutely." Ruby's voice was firm.

"Oh, no, I'll never let a career come between us," she said, when Al was again called to the set.

"It is all very incidental in my life. I know it won't last—while our happiness will. First of all, I'm Mrs. Al Jolson, and that's the best rôle in all the world. Personal ambition has never played a big part in my life.

"As a girl, I worked for the money; I never tried to outdo the others, never yearned to be the star.

"I wasn't especially anxious to get into pictures; the exciting environment of the studios bewildered me. But when I did break in and people seemed to like me, I was pleased—and I always try my best. My talent is dancing and I can sing a little, but I'll never be a great actress because it is too difficult for me to express emotions before the camera.

"AL insisted on my playing with him in *Go into Your Dance,* and it's great fun. Now, our hours are the same. We go to the studio together, get tired together, and go home perfectly contented to stay there."

Pressed as to whether she had any pet theories regarding the maintaining of a happy marriage, Ruby shook her head. "Not one," she said, "unless it is that I never interfere. I've never tried to teach Al tap-dancing and he has never tried to make me a mammy-singer.

"We have different temperaments, but we are wonderfully alike in our tastes. We golf together whenever possible; we're football fans, we attend the races, we go to the fights, and we both love to travel. We have a home now, and that adds to our mutual interests. And when my screen career is over, we are going to adopt a baby, probably two, for Al wants a son to carry on the name and I'm anxious for a little girl.

"Al is very unselfish, very generous and always thoughtful. And I don't take his thoughtfulness for granted, as something every wife should expect from her husband; I cherish each instance of it.

"You see, it's all very simple. We are in love, we work and we play together and we never bore each other. Life with Al is always an exciting adventure."

LATER, Al and I stood watching Ruby make a dance number.

"She's very wise, very levelheaded," he said, nodding toward the slim white figure. "The glittering surface of all this hasn't hypnotized her; she gives it no false values. In fact, her big ambition is to be an expert golfer!

"I'm not a regular actor," Al said. "I'm an entertainer and I love it, but I've been in the game so long that I'd be willing to leave it tomorrow—only Ruby's doing so well that I hate to say a word until she wants to bow out of her own accord. Whatever makes her happy is O.K. with me.

"We have fallen in love with the California climate and plan to make this our permanent home, and if the market doesn't kick up again, I'll buy an eight-acre place I have my eye on out in San Fernando Valley. We agree so perfectly on most subjects that it's funny. We can't even stir up an argument.

"Oh, of course, once in a while we have a little tiff just like every other married couple. Usually, it's my fault. I'm overly sensitive and get hurt over some trivial thing and then hang on to it, ridiculously. Ruby will go silent and I'll turn my back, but neither of us can keep it up and in a few minutes we are both trying to be the first to make up. We have a rule never to go to sleep with a 'mad' on, and never, never without the goodnight kiss.

"I never let Ruby worry over business; that's my job. I run the house and pay all our expenses, and her money is her own to do with as she pleases."

Chatting with Al, I found many interesting points in his character. He has quick sympathies, is generous to a fault, loyal to friendships and has a finely balanced sense of right and wrong—all distilled through the hard years of soul tumult and loneliness before he made the top.

Ruby, totally untheatrical despite the fact that she started on the stage when she was still in her early teens, is appealing, wistful, sweetly unaffected and not even on speaking terms with today's sophistication. Little wonder then, that by her side Al has recaptured all his early dreams!

As I left them, Al called out, "Just remember that romance *began* at the altar for the Jolsons!"

Fashion Foreword

[*Continued from page* 42]

over them that has picked out the brightest of the colors for its own.

For dinner, navy blue chiffons with shirred organdy collars, black marquisette with white piqué collars and cuffs, and black cable net dresses with moire revers, are among favorites.

Wouldn't you like to hear about the new colors? They are the most entrancing things you have spied in many a season.

Dove Wing is a soft gray, and makes stunning linen sports frocks. And black accessories with gray are something to get excited about!

Florentine blue is deep and brilliant, and finds high favor in all types of clothes. *Applemint* is decidedly a sumper green, and you should see it combined with Florentine blue!

Robin's-egg blue is of a deep turquoise tone. And the name *Blossom-pink* tells you how utterly charming that tone can be!

AND NOW it's evening, and all the world goes out to dine and dance. At smart New York parties pink lace is first in the fashion picture, with pale blue and white the next choice. Black lace is very important combined with green. Marlene Dietrich started the new vogue for black lace gloves to be worn with such gowns, and they are in all the shops now.

A Paris idea, romantically carried out in New York and Hollywood, is the new harem skirt. It looks just as it sounds, and is very soft and sinuous-looking, particularly in one gown I saw of black chiffon printed to look like lace. The whole trend at present points to a decided Far-East influence.

There are yards of ruffles on all evening things, particularly on chiffons, nets, and organdy things. If you have good shoulders, then off-the-shoulder gowns will give you the right spirit of romance for June moonlight and roses.

All over the land there is a rustle of taffeta! Black taffeta suits, black taffeta hats and gloves, and dotted taffetas are particularly smart for afternoon and dinner. For evening there is something intriguing about the swish of the material.

You can do all sorts of charming things with your hair at evening, but very seldom do you see it without some adornment. If you are very young, then the tiny little ribbon bows at both sides of the forehead are very quaint and entrancing. Clusters of flowers, real preferred, give beauty to your coiffure. Another youthful fashion is a narrow satin ribbon tied around the head, with a little bow on the top.

Fingernails are "streamlined," with the color carried clear to the end of the nails, and can give you just that little added touch of smartness.

Above all, carry with you that suggestion of romance and mysteriousness that goes with June . . . gardenias . . . and deep, soft summer nights.

Women *Are* Quitting

Old Time Make-Up Shades... for an Utterly New Creation



WRONG MAKE-UP *gives a "hard", "cheap" look.*



RIGHT MAKE-UP *provides a natural seductiveness — free of all artificiality.*

These Pictures Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-Up

THERE IS NOW a *new* and utterly different way in make-up... the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A *totally* NEW idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely *natural* and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It's Called

It is called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form. You use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

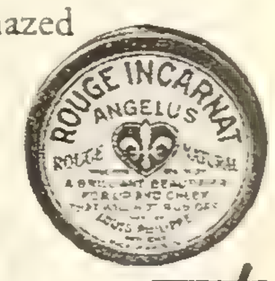
In its allure, it is typically, *wickedly* of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a *jeune fille*—ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

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The "Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks



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By LOUIS PHILIPPE

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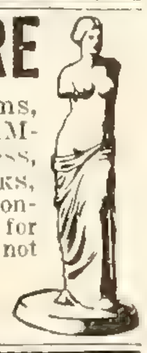


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What To Serve at the Wedding Party

[*Continued from page 56*]

Cream shortening with egg until well beaten, then add half of the sugar and beat thoroughly. Continue adding rest of sugar gradually. (The more beating, the lighter the filling.) Chopped, roasted nuts may be sprinkled over filling between layers.

Ice the cake with fondant icing. Ornaments should be of Royal icing. Delicately flavored fondant icing is recommended for wedding cakes because it makes them more tasty than ordinary icing.

THE little doll-bride on top of my cake had numerous tiny daisies on her dress, all cut by hand. Daisies were strung along the side of the table and on top they were woven into rings. Each ring had lighted candles tied with white satin ribbon where it joined, and in the center of each ring a member of the wedding party was represented by a figurine.

Further down the table were large platters of canapès—canapès of every description—eighteen kinds of them. The variety you can achieve with canapès is half the fun of making them. And they are not hard to make, once you get the knack of it. Some were of chipped beef, horseradish and cream cheese frozen in plain gelatine in a round mold. Others were of smoked salmon, and caviar.

One of the nicest, I think, was the variety made with lobster. Incidentally, these canapés are a treat at *any* party! You take—1 can of lobster, 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, 3 stuffed olives, 1 cold boiled egg, juice of one lemon.

Flake the lobster, and add the olives, chopped fine. Mix with mayonnaise, adding more if needed to make a soft paste. Add the lemon juice. Spread on rounds of bread that have been fried to a golden brown in butter, garnish with yolk and white of egg riced, and dust with paprika. When finished, pipe a little mayonnaise on each canapé.

Those new lobster *hors d'oeuvres* are grand, too. A small piece of the crustacean, wrapped in bacon and broiled with a colorful toothpick through it, makes a tasty tidbit.

Besides the canapés, we had finger sandwiches spread with chicken and anchovy paste. There were rolled sandwiches, also. To make these, you slice the bread very thin and it has to be very fresh so that it will roll without breaking.

They were served first with the cocktails and highballs. Then the champagne was brought in and I cut the cake—but only the first piece! Someone else did the rest of it because it takes an expert to do that.

OF COURSE, a real buffet supper could have been served, too, with the cake still the main attraction in the center. For a buffet supper, piles of plates, stacks of napkins, and rows of spoons and forks are placed on the table at intervals. And each pile and stack and row must be uniform.

The menu I would choose for this would be:

Assorted Hors d'Oeuvres
Lobster Thermidor
Lettuce Sandwiches
Curried Chicken on Toast
Hot Thimble Biscuits
Coffee Tea
Assorted Ices in fancy molds

Whatever the choice is, there ought to be two or three hot dishes and at least two cold ones.

IF A girl plans a morning wedding in June, the ideal thing, it seems to me, would be to eat out-of-doors! You could have one long gay table or a number of small ones grouped under the trees on the lawn. The usual white table-covers or your bridge-luncheon covers would do, but if you want something especially effective, get cream rayon satin ($1.29 a yard or less) and use it under a creamy Chinese lace cover (small ones, $2.95; large, $6.50). This is particularly good for the bride's table and the parents' table.

The place cards at each of these tables are white and can be embossed in silver to match the monograms on the wedding-cake boxes. But it is even better to get plain white cards and cut a strap through them—like a double buttonhole—and then insert small white flowers under the strap.

An interesting breakfast, or sit-down supper, would be:

Bouillon (clear tomato)
Lobster Newburgh
Chicken Croquettes Peas
Celery Salad
Ices
Coffee

AT A wedding where only the family and a few intimate friends are to be present, it is fun to sit at a table all together afterwards. And the seating arrangement goes like this:

Bride	*Groom*
Best man	Maid of honor
Bridesmaid	Usher
Usher	Bridesmaid
Flower girl	Relatives
Relatives and friends	Groom's father
Father of bride	Bride's mother
	Mother of groom

You know, there is an old saying: Start a newly married couple off with a happy party and good food and you have put them on the road to success. I think that's right!

Farewell to Diets!

[*Continued from page* 15]

and bananas, after which all the guests retire to the drawing room, where coffee, liqueurs, plates of pastry and compotes of candies await us.

Now do you see why Mrs. Ricardo Cortez sang, "You're the top, you're a Derby winner—You're the top, you're a Brisson dinner"?

ELISSA LANDI'S riding breakfasts are very British, and very different. Every morning she can spare from work, Elissa is early up and away cantering over the hills and down the canyons. If you happen to ride with her, you needn't worry when the crisp air makes you ravenous. Elissa will take care of that.

On a terrace you find a rustic table all set and awaiting you. Although the furniture is rough and outdoorish, nothing else is. On the finest of hand-embroidered white linen cloths are square porcelain plates, gleaming silver and sparkling crystal winking in the morning sunlight. Fruit and rolls are massed in bowls of crystal and silver. While you are waiting for the *pièce de resistance*—scrambled eggs and kidneys—you join Elissa in a glass of beer.

If you want to jump over to Mischa Auer's apartment for luncheon, I'll tell you what you will get. He will cook up the grandest Russian veal cutlet you ever ate. He grinds the meat, and does it up with toasted bread crumbs and a sauce made of golden brown fried onions and a half pint of sour cream. This sour cream the Russians use always sounds terrible, but is really delicious.

Consider, for instance, *blinys*. You may not like the sound of them, but wait until you eat them with Anna Sten some night. I'll tell you what they are. Between two pancakes you put caviar, herrings, or other fish, and over the whole you pour sour cream and melted butter. That is what Michael Visaroff served at a party for Anna. She ate them to the tune of Russian guitars and gypsy songs, and it was all very Muscovite. You could almost hear the sleigh bells tinkling over the steppes and a wolf howling far off.

No story on Hollywood's parties would be complete without a dip into the night life of the cinema capital. Let's slip over to Toby Wing's and see if there is an orgy going on. There is. Toby and at least five too-handsome youths are gathered in the kitchen, just finishing a batch of fudge. Not ordinary fudge, mind you, but candy fit for one of the cutest Baby Stars. The trick is, she says, to whip the cream before you add it. And don't be stingy with big chunks of nut meats. If you want to be very ritzy about the whole business, you can put marshmallow cream, thick with candied cherries, between two layers of fudge. Toby cuts the candy into generous squares and places it on a dish her grandmother painted years ago.

And says: "Farewell to diets!"

It's time for Pabst-



Yes ma'am—a man should have his Pabst. It's better to tie up traffic than to tie up a fellow's nerves.

And that's true at home, too. A liberal supply of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale in the refrigerator is a handy thing. Tonight—surprise him at dinner. Serve it with his favorite dish and watch that smile of approval.

And watch the smiles all around when you serve Pabst to your guests at afternoon bridge or in the evening.

Because you are the guardian of health in your home, you will appreciate the purity and safe wholesomeness of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale.

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Beer and Ale



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of BEAUTY CULTURE AND SYMMETRICAL BODY DEVELOPMENT, with Secret Formulas and Instructions, opens the way to FEMININE CHARM, LOVELY WOMANHOOD, PERSONAL MAGNETISM; and ALLURING CURVES on both body and limbs.

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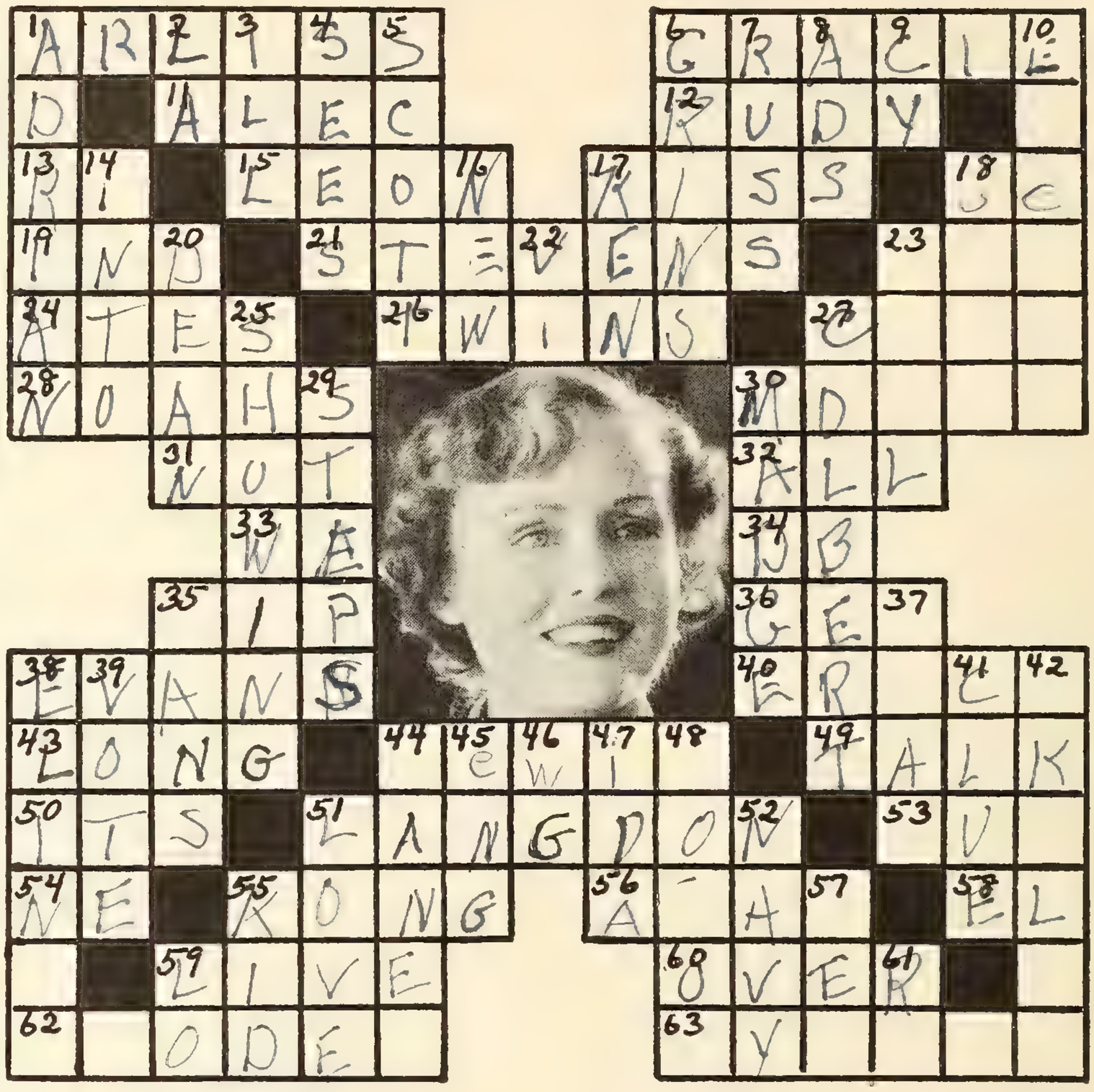
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☐ FORM ☐ ARMS ☐ NECK ☐ ABDOMEN ☐ HIPS
☐ CHIN ☐ LEGS ☐ HAIR ☐ COMPLEXION ☐ FIGURE

NAME (Miss or Mrs.).....

ADDRESS.....

For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over



HORIZONTAL

1. He was *The Iron Duke*
6. She and George Burns recently adopted a baby
11. Late Mr. Francis
12. Star of *Sweet Music*
13. Nelson Eddy's birthplace (abbr.)
15. First name of comedian with the rubber legs
17. ———— *And Make Up*
18. Initials of comedian married to June Collyer
19. Locale of *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* (abbr.)
21. Buster Collier's bride
23. Gloria Stuart's birthplace (abbr.)
24. He stutters
26. Youngest Crosby children
27. Masculine lead in *Wings in the Dark*
28. Whose brother is Wallace Beery?
30. Comedienne who wed Martin Malone
31. *We're* ———— *Dressing*
32. *Forsaking* ———— *Others*
33. Mamoulian directed ———— *Live Again*
34. Initials of Miss Burgess
35. What a pickpocket is called in gangster films
36. Peter Lorre comes from this country (abbr.)
38. Star shown in puzzle
40. Whose role was that of waiter in *Gay Divorcee*?
43. Wallace Beery was ———— *John Silver* in *Treasure Island*
44. Author of *Babbitt*
49. What players do in modern films
50. Gloria Stuart had lead in *Maybe* ———— *Love*
51. This comedian has a new son.
53. Lila Lee, ———— Apfel, is a recent bride
54. Initials of Jeanette's leading man in *Naughty Marietta*
55. *King* ————
56. Father of the new Mowbray heir
58. Miss Lightner's initials
59. *The Right to* ————
60. *Let's Talk It* ————
62. Professional corespondent in *Gay Divorcee*
63. Charlie Chaplin's brother

VERTICAL

1. You saw her in *Rumba*
2. Rod ———— Rocque
3. *Now* ———— *Tell*
4. Buck Jones stars in *When a Man* ———— *Red*
5. He had lead in *Wagon Wheels*
6. Jack Oakie's smiles
7. Late star of *Wake Up and Dream*
8. Neil Hamilton once posed for collar ————
9. Alice White is parting from ———— Bartlett
10. Star of *Evensong*
14. *Go* ———— *Your Dance* is Jolson's latest
16. *It Happened in* ———— *York*
17. Star of *In Old Santa Fe*
18. Her last name is Haden
20. Mr. Jagger of *Car 99*
22. Short for Miss Dana of silent films
23. Star of *All the King's Horses*
25. Theatres are now ———— *The March of Time*
27. Star of *The Gilded Lily*
29. Bill Robinson tap dances on them
30. First name of star pictured
35. Whose bride is Lorena Layson?
37. ———— James wrote *The White Parade*
38. Claire Trevor was ———— *Norton*
39. Anne Shirley is much too young to cast one at polls
41. What *Philo Vance* follows to solve a mystery
42. Late stage and screen actor known as Hal
44. Director Hall is whose husband?
45. Carol Coombe's nationality (abbr.)
46. Mr. Gargan's initials
47. Daughter of Stanley Lupino
48. Joe Morrison's screen offerings
51. Remember Bessie ————?
52. *Jack Ahoy* shows part of British ————
55. *The Personality* ————
57. Sour-faced comedian
59. Mr. Olivier's initials
61. Star of *The Night Is Young* (init.)

Solution to Last Month's Puzzle

Seeing Things

[*Continued from page* 16]

mellowly inebriated and quick with the quips. But he has a new partner—pert Ginger Rogers. And if she keeps this up, she'll soon have no equals as a screen comedienne. As a persistent young modern with her mind set on marriage, she does her bit to turn mild hysteria into convulsions . . . The story not only keeps you guessing—but howling.

● ● **It's a Small World** *(Fox)* is weak on story, long on individual performances and sprightly dialogue. Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie have a collision in the bayou country of the Kingfish's empire (Louisiana) and have to stay there until the lawsuit is settled —which gives Spencer time to decide he is in love with the girl, against the wishes of both of them . . . Spencer, with no effort at all, is completely real. But the big surprise is the newcomer who is his leading lady. The camera does well by her, and she does well by the camera.

● ● **Princess O'Hara** *(Universal)* is the newest picture with a script by Damon Runyon, who knows his audiences. They like heroines who are wistful but spirited Cinderellas, heroes who are hard-boiled but have hearts of gold, and plots that have action and shy humor . . . The Cinderella in this instance is Jean Parker, daughter of a taxi driver, who takes over his job when he is killed; the hero is Chester Morris, who is a harmless racketeer and owner of a race horse that gets him in plenty of trouble . . . It's one for the family.

● ● ● ● **Black Fury** *(Warners)* isn't for sentimentalists, for sweet young things with squeamish tastes. It's for the realists—who will be talking about it, and about Paul Muni's performance, for years . . . As a coal miner who goes berserk when his girl runs away with a mine policeman, he forces you to live what he is living, to suffer what he is suffering, to share his every emotion—whether tender or terrible . . . As the girl, Karen Morley—who used to be cast in fashion-plate rôles—again distinguishes herself as a peasant.

● ● ● ● **Laddie** *(RKO-Radio)* is for the sentimentalists—who will thank the movies for keeping both the spirit and the story of Gene Stratton-Porter's best-loved book . . . You know, the one about the boy of the poor Indiana farm family who falls in love with the daughter of the aristocrats next door—and wins her, with the help of *Little Sister* . . . Much the same sort of story has been told on the screen many a time and oft, but not with the same tender care, nor with an actor of the calibre of John *(Little Minister)* as the young rustic or with a beauty like Gloria Stuart as the young aristocrat. But the performance of the picture is given by seven-year-old Virginia Weidler, who plays *Little Sister* with such charm that she looks like the next child star.

MARY FINDS WHY WOMEN ARE QUITTING THE RAZOR

by Wells



NOW! Actually Get Rid of *Arm and Leg Hair*

No Masculine Stubble—No Stiff Re-growth

Modern science has at last found a way to actually GET RID of arm and leg hair. A way that forever banishes the bristly regrowth that follows the razor. Ends the stubble that makes women lose their charm and allure; and that men shrink from when they feel it on a woman's arm.

This new way is called Neet; an exquisite toilet accessory. All you do is spread on like a cold cream; then rinse it off with clear water. That's all. Every vestige of hair growth rinses off with it. No stubble. No sharp regrowth. The hair is so completely gone that you can run your hand across your arm or leg and never feel a sign of it.

Women by tens of thousands are using it. Ending the arm and leg hair problem; quitting the razor with its man-like and unfeminine stubble. You can get a tube for a few cents at any drug or toilet goods counter. Just ask for NEET. It's really marvelous.

"A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"

—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 12-F, 585 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

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Cystex

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Feminine attractiveness demands fascinating, youthful lines of a graceful, slim figure—with slender, firm, rounded contours, instead of unbecoming flesh.

Hundreds of women have reduced with my famous Slimcream Method—and reduced just where they wanted, safely, quickly, surely. I, myself, reduced my chestline by 4½ inches and my weight 28 lbs. in 28 days.

J. A. writes, "I was 37 inches (across the chest). Here is the miracle your Slimcream has worked for me. I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed."

The Slimcream treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficial that I unhesitatingly offer to return your money if you have not reduced your figure both in pounds and inches in 14 days. What could be fairer than that!

Decide NOW to achieve the figure of your heart's desire. Send $1.00 today for the full 30-day treatment.



Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

FREE Send $1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you entirely free, my world-famous, regular $1.00 beauty treatment, with a gold mine of priceless beauty secrets. This offer is limited, so SEND TODAY. Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING, Dept. MP 16, Forest Hills, New York



"Lessons in Loveliness"

[*Continued from page* 53]

Daytime protection depends on your powder-base. I want to italicize and emphasize that point.

What to use as a powder-base depends upon your type of skin. If it is dry or sensitive, use a thin protection cream that will not come through shiny or greasy. If you have an average skin or an oily skin, use a good acne-and-make-up lotion that is beneficial, as well as beautifying.

DO YOUR suntanning slowly and if you are impatient for a suntan effect, then by all means have it—but have it the safe way, with suntan make-up.

If you have the type of skin that doesn't tan—or if you don't care to toughen your skin by suntanning, but *do* like a suntan effect—then simply change from the fair shades of make-up to a good suntan shade of powder and with it use lipstick and rouge of an orangey tone. It produces a fascinating effect.

If you do get suntanned, then, of course, you *must* use a very deep rachel or suntan shade of powder—and for you, too, I advise lipstick and rouge of an orangey tone.

If your skin is the type that gradually gets creamier and creamier before it is finally a deep suntan, then the thing to do about your face powder is to blend it from day to day or from week to week . . . All you do is to mix well a lighter and a deeper shade. Try it.

YOUR eyes are your most expressive feature. So don't forget that when the sun makes your skin several shades darker, it makes your eyes look smaller, duller—if you let it . . .

The more suntanned you are, the less rouge you need. But your lipstick must be brighter, more vivid, and your eyes need plenty of good make-up—natural-looking make-up . . .

More about this in the next issue.

Are You Sure You Know the Secrets of Make-Up?

There are sure ways to be attractive—and unsure ways. Do you know the sure ways, or are you only guessing?

If you *are* only guessing, you may unwittingly be doing damage to your greatest asset—your face.

For the help of any woman who wants to be self-confident about her appearance at all times, Nell Vinick has prepared a leaflet illustrating the important rules for applying make-up. It covers

Make-up for eyes
Application of rouge
Application of lipstick

The leaflet offers nothing for sale. It offers nothing but sound advice.

And it is yours for the asking. Just write to Nell Vinick, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City—enclosing a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

Dress Your House for Summer!

[*Continued from page* 55]

to "cool" a room and give it that tranquil air you want to find when you come in out of the blazing sun.

MAE has done an exceptionally good thing with that wall space between windows that a person never knows what to do with. She has put a narrow, long mirror there that serves a three-fold purpose . . . It is highly decorative; it makes the room seem twice as long; and when you look into its cooling depths, you forget the temperature outside!

Her dining room is not large, but what a gem it is! Half of one wall is covered with a mirror and there are little antique ivory brackets on either side holding the ivy. *And*—the most exciting idea yet—*she has washable satin slip covers on the chairs.* It is like having a gentle ocean breeze stir against you just to sit down in one and feel the softness of the satin.

The covers are comparatively simple to make, which makes the idea of them all the more attractive. The upper part is sewn together and slipped on, pillow-case fashion. Then it is tied with tape at the bottom to hold it firmly in place. The lower part is adjusted and tied much as a card-table cover would be. The one exception is that seams are run down over the four legs so that it will fit more neatly.

Washable satin may be purchased as low as $1.35 a yard and if white is not suitable to your dining room, try a bud-green and hang green and yellow net curtains in your windows. Or a pale powder-blue might be more effective.

THERE are a dozen ways you can give your dining room a refreshing summer atmosphere. If it happens to be done in early American style such as Sylvia Sidney's, a unique trick is this: Get those jolly peasant table covers with a woven border and fringed edges and *use them as curtains!* You have nothing to do but slip them on the curtain rings. And the matching doilies and napkins used on the table will give the room a symmetry that will keep your friends marveling!

Summer time is picnic time. The family pleads to go here and there to eat out-of-doors. It is work to cart things back and forth, so—*why not make a picnic ground in your own backyard?* That is what Karen Morley has done. She has a regular long wooden table with wooden benches on either side such as you find in public parks. The children or friend hubby will get a tremendous kick out of making it. Perched under a gaily striped umbrella, it will make mealtime a festive affair. And you won't have it toppling over on you as makeshift tables do.

Bring the spirit of the "good old summertime" straight into your home!

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Correctly designed and finely appointed suites of 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 rooms, each with large serving pantry, available by the day, week or longer. Also Tower Suites of 5 Master Rooms and 4 Baths, occupying an entire floor.



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FREE BOOKLET

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION

This is to certify that the average circulation per issue of MOVIE CLASSIC for the six months' period July 1st to and including December 31st, 1934, was as follows: Copies sold, 247,042; Copies distributed free, 1,115; TOTAL, 248,157.

Signed, W. H. Fawcett,
(Publisher)

Subscribed to and sworn before me on this 23rd day of February, 1935.

(Notary Seal) E. V. Mausel.

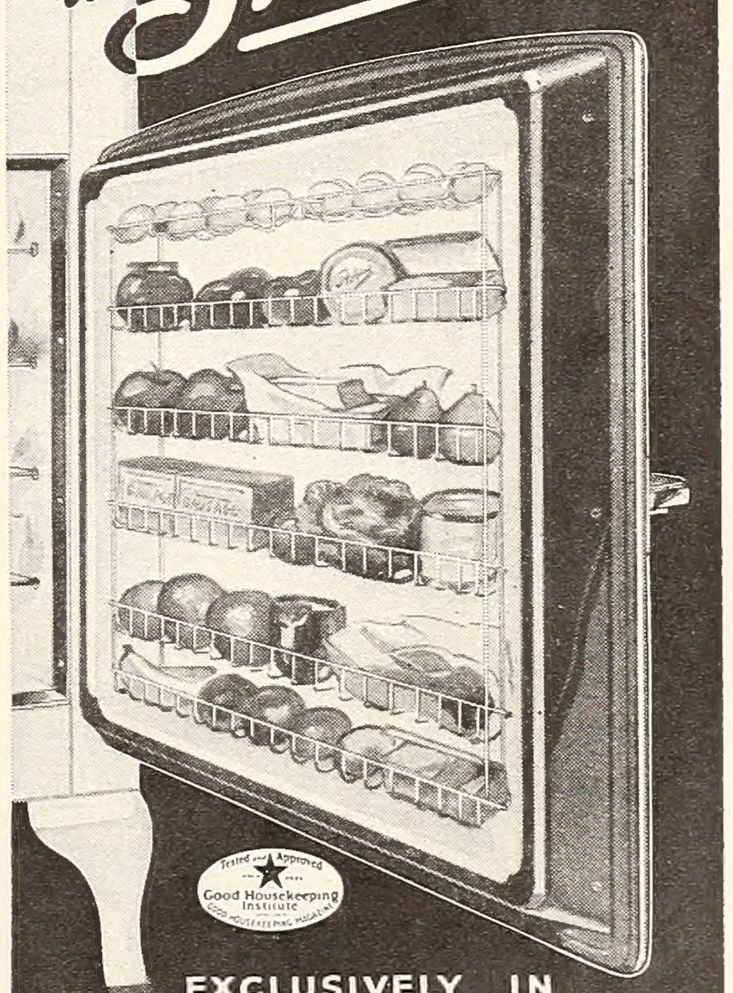


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ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS



Irene Dunne was one of the stars favored by the letter-writers this month —because of her singing in *Roberta*

Just As You Say . . .

MOVIE CLASSIC'S readers have the last word—and win prizes with their letters

$15 Prize Letter

The New Superlatives—Most spell-binding moment of an unusually fine movie month: Irene Dunne singing *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* in *Roberta.* Biggest laugh of the month: Will Rogers and Jane Darwell harmonizing lustily on *There's a Tavern in the Town.*

Most beautiful love scene: Joe Morrison crooning *I'll Sing You to Sleep with a Love Song* to the beautiful Dixie Lee, as she drifts off to slumberland on top of the piano. Most rhythmic sequence: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers knocking off the rehearsal dance in *Roberta.* Most beautiful shot: The final Technicolor close-up of Shirley Temple in *The Little Colonel.*

Those scenes are all unforgetable, and as long as I get such treats as those I have no complaints, only cheers for the movies!—*Kay de Hart, 1568 Cotton St., Reading Pa.*

$10 Prize Letter

Rebellion in the Ranks—Apparently, the Academy judges were off the Art Standard this year, feeling their 1933 medal selections concession enough to the Finer Things for a while.

It Happened One Night the best picture of the year? Um. Better than *Queen Christina; Catherine the Great; Power; The Barretts of Wimpole Street; Imitation of Life; The Count of Monte Cristo?* And Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in *It Happened One Night* contributors of the best performances? Better than Garbo's beautiful *Queen Christina;* Elizabeth Bergner's poignant *Catherine the Great;* Paul Lukas' sensitive, tragic *Rupert* in *The Fountain;* John Barrymore's brilliantly rowdy performance in *20th Century;* Louise Beavers' heart-breakingly real *Aunt Delilah* in *Imitation of Life;* Conrad Veidt in *Power;* Francis Lederer in *The Pursuit of Happiness;* Donat's *Count of Monte Cristo?* I wonder.

Well, anyway, the winners *were* amusing at the time. Also boxoffice. (Good old boxoffice!)—*D. H. Chapman, 1000 S. Grandview St., Los Angeles, Calif.*

$5 Prize Letter

Salute to Real Drama—Let's unite in a salute to the new dramatized newsreel—*The March of Time!* This new feature bids fair to change the newsreel from a movie "short" to an institution. *The March of Time,* by skillfully reenacting real-life drama with the original characters, transmits the feeling of participation to the movie fan, who senses—often for the first time—the terrific implications and undercurrents of world news events. It is a significant and audacious step, done expertly by these pioneers in revitalizing an old, familiar medium.—*Stanley S. Jacobs, 515 South Fifth St., Columbia, Mo.*

$1 Prize Letters

In Praise of Color—The triumph of Technicolor was beautifully illustrated by that never-to-be-forgotten "Pink Party" scene in *The Little Colonel,* starring Shirley Temple. When the incongruity of observing an actor's lips move without hearing what he was saying was abolished by the advent of sound pictures, we supposed that cinematic entertainment had reached its peak. With the first appearance of natural color on the screen, however, we realized that this new art was destined to bring many hours of delightful new enjoyment to the theatre-going public.—*Lona Jack, 601 E. Rudisill Blvd., Fort Wayne, Ind.*

Paging Mr. Van Dyke!—Thanks to Director W. S. Van Dyke, we have entered into a new era of light, gay comedy. *The Thin Man* started it all; then came others. Gone is the old pie-throwing slapstick comedy! Here to stay is a sparkling, tingling humor, as refreshing as a cocktail!!—*Dorothea Steffan, 1816 Verdery St., Augusta, Ga.*

Battling for Bette—Along come Academy Awards and no Bette Davis on the list! Are the judges near-sighted, or with the present reign of censorship fearful of so much as countenancing her "bad-girl" rôle in *Of Human Bondage?* Surely, they can't be so blindly prejudiced as to fail to realize that Bette's *Mildred* was not only the most individual performance of the year. It has made screen history. The girl brought Maugham's immortal character to a fuller life than the author himself. That is the final analysis of artistry. I call on all who are in agreement with me. Let us publicly apologize for the slight made of Bette Davis. —*James Fitzgerald, 639 Kentucky St., Vallejo, Calif.*

Not to Be Pitied Now—Years ago I recall a city visitor pitying me for being a farmer's wife and out of touch with the stage, the opera, and other dramatic delights of the Big Places. But NOW—what a different story! The fine plays, the best actors, the great singers, they come to us at the crossroads and give us all the magic, the music, the innumerable joys of what was once the city-dwellers' special and exclusive amusement—and education. When people condemn pictures, I wonder if they ever knew the dullness, the dreariness, the out-of-step feelings we farmers had before pictures sprang up in the lonely spots?—*Mrs. Mary L. McMenamin, R.F.D. 1, Box 494, Sebastopol, Calif.*

Keen Observation—I may be mistaken, but one result of the recent vigorous campaign to clean up the movies seems to me to be an apparent (and successful) effort on the part of our anxious-to-please producers to concentrate on highly amusing situations and dialogue. What a break for us! . . . After all, there are only four types of pictures which we really want to see—two for the satisfaction of our souls and intellects: the "homey" type and those based on history and the classics; and two for amusement and the appeasing of our artistic sense—light comedy and spectacular musicals.—*Lucybelle Lortz, 819 Milton Ave., Louisville, Ky.*

MOVIE CLASSIC wants its readers to write their opinions of stars, productions, and movie conditions in general so that all readers may benefit by them. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC will offer these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter now—to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides *only* are cushioned. . . the center surface is left free to absorb.



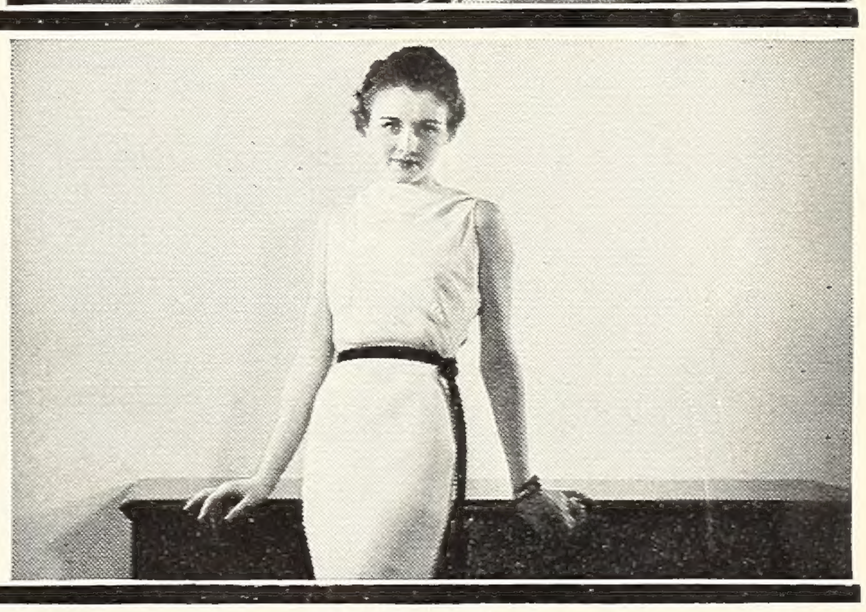
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There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use . . . makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 *times* more absorbent than cotton.



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Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles . . . and that makes for added assurance that results in peace of mind and poise.



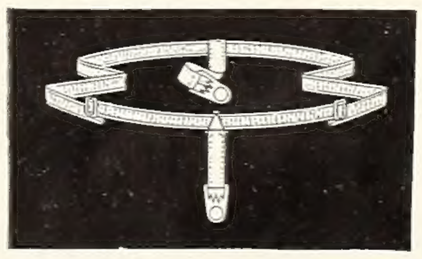
I'VE always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women. So here I present information every woman should know.

I realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they're made or in the results they give. For only genuine Kotex offers the 3 exclusive advantages I explain on this page—the 3 features that bring you women the comfort and safety you seek. And with Kotex now costing so little and giving so much, there's really no economy in buying any other kind.

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